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SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE AND SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

*discuss the merits of a FINE whisky**

'We were asked, Bruce, to give our opinion on whisky today. We have both written books about it: you even have whisky ancestors!'

'They came from the same part as this excellent whisky we are now drinking.'

'What do you like about this whisky?'

'Well, it is made of good stuff, it is 'out of the soil', it has been made for generations, and it takes a long, long time to bring this to such perfection.'

'You told me once' *Sir Compton went on* 'that a fine whisky was something artistic. Did you

mean the skill that goes into it? Because that must come from the people Grants employ.'

'It does. I believe it is in their blood: they have got it there in the Highlands: they have got the skill and the feel for it. The story of Grants is a wonderful story.'

'Incidentally, Bruce, do you know this whisky as GRANTS OF STAND FAST?'

'Stand Fast is known all over the world. I once wrote a 'purple passage' about it, and I think at the time I said Grants stand fast all over the world, just as their whisky does.'

*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

when the clans gather its

Grants **STAND FAST WHISKY**



Luck or skill?

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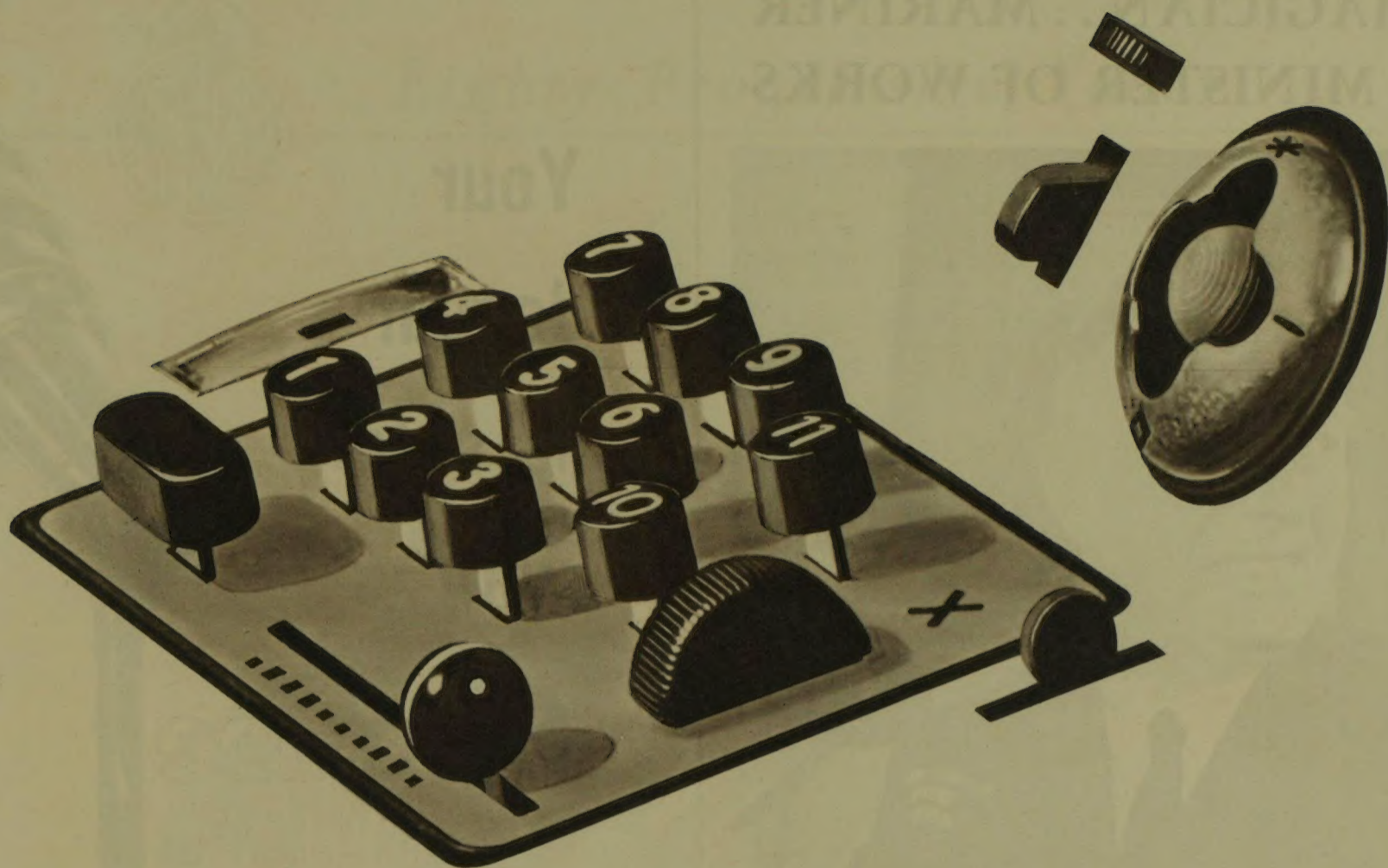
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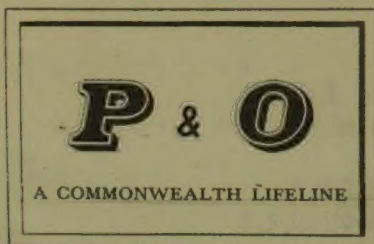


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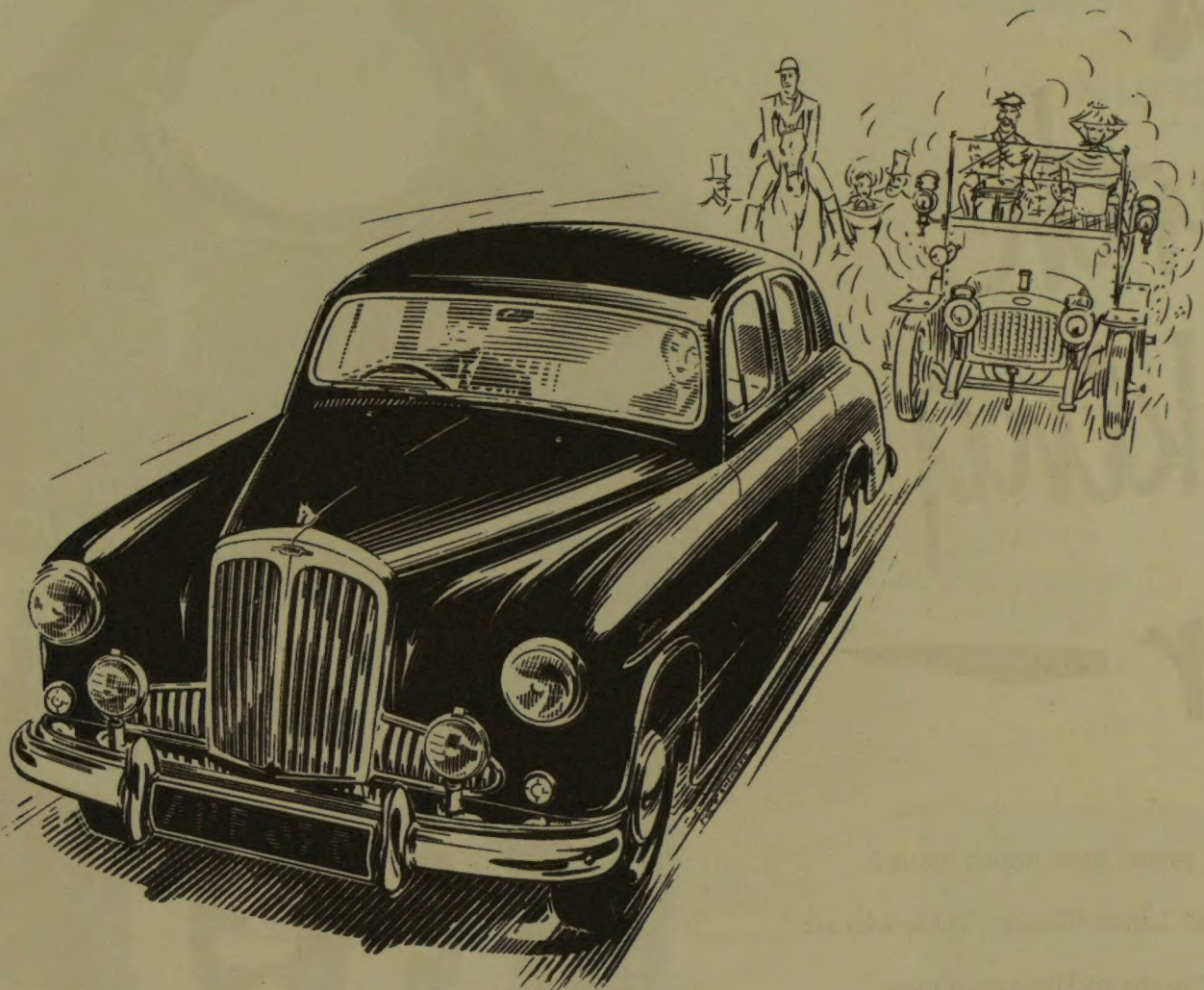
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m.p.h.	seconds	m.p.h.	seconds
10—30	9.9	0—30	5.1
20—40	10.2	0—40	8.8
30—50	10.0	0—50	13.2
40—60	11.0	0—60	18.1
50—70	14.3		

Miles per Gallon		Compression Ratio 8 to 1 B.H.P. 75 at 5,250 r.p.m. Top speed over 90 m.p.h., 145 k.p.h. Cruising speed 70 m.p.h. Time taken to cover ¼ mile from rest 21.8 secs.
m.p.h.	m.p.g.	
20	46.1	
30	45.7	
40	41	
50	37.8	
60	33.3	
70	28.5	
80	23.7	

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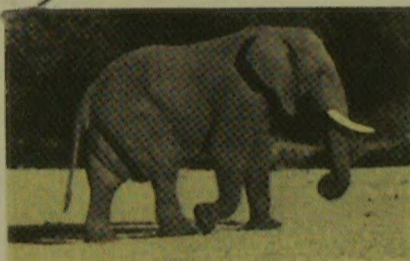
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A Kodachrome photograph.

A fine city, NORWICH

Here in the choir of Norwich Cathedral is displayed the fine work of devoted craftsmen of bygone centuries. The nave itself presents the most magnificent vista of pure Norman building to be seen in England, whilst the wonderful stone roof with its 328 painted bosses and the magnificently carved choir stalls, both date back to the 15th century.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1955.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

"I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend. I have been aware that, subject to my renouncing my rights of succession, it might have been possible for me to contract a civil marriage. But, mindful of the Church's teaching that Christian marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth, I have resolved to put these

considerations before any others. I have reached this decision entirely alone, and in doing so I have been strengthened by the unfailing support and devotion of Group Captain Townsend. I am deeply grateful for the concern of all those who have constantly prayed for my happiness. (Signed) Margaret." This personal message was issued from Clarence House on Monday, October 31.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE King George's Jubilee Trust, set up twenty years ago to administer a large sum subscribed by a grateful people to commemorate a great reign and the life-service of a noble King, has just published a very remarkable document. It is a study of the influences affecting British youth to-day and is appropriately called "Citizens of To-morrow." It is based on the work of four Working Parties set up three years ago by the Trust for the purpose of studying, first, the influences affecting youth during full-time attendance at school; secondly, the influences of employment after leaving school; thirdly, the influences of leisure-time after leaving school, and, fourthly, the influences during the period in the Services. Together the Report covers all, or almost all, the factors which will make the nation of the next half-century. It is a significant publication and, on the whole, a very uncomfortable one. For, though it emphasises that the human material of Britain's youth is still first-class, it suggests that many of the influences that are shaping it are reducing it to something much less than it should be.

"Although," the Report begins, "there is ample evidence to show that the native quality of our young people is as sound as ever, and that much fine work—more even than in the past—is being done for them in many homes, in the schools, by voluntary organisations, in the Services and in industry, it is also true that evidence of another kind continues to accumulate—evidence of shortcomings in the provision made for their upbringing in the formative early years. Juvenile delinquency goes on. Far too many boys and girls, while not actively delinquent, display a lamentable apathy and lack of purpose in life and work." The chief influences affecting youth, both good and bad, the Report of all four Working Parties insists, is that of the older generation. "The sound upbringing of young people depends neither on the State and its instruments, nor on voluntary organisations and institutions, but on the adults who are in contact or concerned with young people in their daily lives. From this it follows that anything which impairs the individual adult's sense of personal responsibility prejudices the upbringing of young people—for at any given time each boy or girl in the country is, in fact, looking for guidance to an adult, be he parent, teacher, trades unionist, employer or officer in the forces of the Crown. And because the evidence laid before us suggests that in recent years there has been some weakening of the sense of parental and personal responsibility, it is not primarily to organisations or to institutions, but to individual men and women that we address these reports." Out of all four reports certain clear conclusions arise. One is the conviction that "fundamentally the road back to responsibility is the road back to Christian principles," and the necessity for a general acceptance of the Christian ethic. Another is the corrosion of almost everything that our educational system is creating during the fatal gap between the end of school life at the age of fifteen and entry into National Service three years later—a gap which our statesmen, for reasons of economy, are now about to increase. "It does not seem sensible," the Trust's commentary runs, "to lay out a considerable sum on educating and caring for the health and well-being of a boy until he is fifteen years old and then to leave him free to run to seed physically and mentally until he is called up for National Service." Another conclusion is "the extent and gravity of the harm that can come to children whose mothers are away from home when they return from school." And another, the need for employers to regard the fifteen- to eighteen-year-old boy or girl as a national trust committed to their care. "All four Working Parties," the Trust sums up, "are conscious of an urgent and present need to mobilise and make effective our concern as a nation for the well-being of our young people."

For here is National Priority No. 1—something even more important than the balance of trade, the solvency of the currency, or defence against the King's enemies. These, however vital to our existence, are only means to ends: the moral well-being of youth is both an end in itself and the indispensable means to all other worth-while ends. As a people we can neglect it only at our peril, and we are neglecting it. In preparing and publishing this Report, which may well have as great an effect on the conscience of the nation as the famous First Report of the Children's Employment Commission 113 years ago, the King George's Jubilee Trust, which was set up to further the spiritual, mental and physical welfare of the younger generation, has performed, I believe, a major national service, as have the public-spirited men and women who have voluntarily given their time and thought

to the long and patient labour of the Working Parties. Reading it, one can see, clearly and without sentiment or exaggeration, the reasons for what is writ large in the faces, manners and speech of so many of the boys, young men and girls—among the finest natural human material in the world and born of a great stock—whom one encounters to-day in street and park. Perhaps the gist of the matter is put best in the eloquent and deeply-moving Report of the Working Party on the Period of Full-time Attendance at School when, at its conclusion, it states:

So often our evidence has shown that at the source of a child's trouble has lain the inability or failure of an adult to do his or her duty by the child at some critical moment. It has shown that the basic forces behind the good influences on children are, now as always, first and foremost the personal love and interest which has its roots in home and family and, after these, that sense of vocation and professional integrity which distinguishes the work of so many teachers, youth leaders, social workers and Civil Servants. It has shown, too, how often the driving force behind the bad or dubious influences is money-making; and while love may lapse and conscience slumber, the itch to get money operates all round the clock.

"To-day," the Working Party's report on the school-child's leisure stresses, "there are handsome profits to be made out of children's pocket-money. As compared with fifty, or even twenty, years ago, children have much more money to spend and more inducement to spend it; nor is it now customary for parents to control children's spending as closely as in the past. The commercial world, always on the alert for new markets, has not been slow to exploit this one, sometimes without scruple or care for the possible effect on the child—as witness the baser examples of the so-called 'comics' which, whether they specialise in sadism and the macabre or concentrate on appeals to adolescent sex-impulse, are utterly vile. . . . The modern child is subjected to the influence of the commercial world through many media—newspapers, magazines, advertisement hoardings, the radio, the cinema and television. It invades and permeates his home; it surrounds the city child in the street; it haunts him even on the Tube escalator, where he will learn that for the culture and civilisation to which he is heir, the control of feminine contours is a matter of major concern."

Well, we have been warned. The contributors to this remarkable publication, approaching it, as they do, from different viewpoints but basing their findings on a lifelong experience of dealing with youth and on a wealth of evidence, all agree on certain general measures which in their view are necessary if the Britons of the next generation are to have the chance to which they are entitled and we are not to become a nation of rootless, apathetic idlers and shirkers. The most important of these are that, so far as is compatible with a free society, children should be protected by law from debasing commercial influences as they already are from certain other evil influences; that moral teaching should be recognised as an indispensable part of all education; that the size of classes should be reduced, so that teachers can exert more individual influence on their pupils—"in 1953 nearly 3,000,000 children in primary and secondary schools were being taught in overcrowded classes . . . ; we regard reduction in the size of classes as an immediate and paramount necessity"; that the standards and conditions of the teaching profession should be raised to attract more men and women with the highest qualities of leadership; that the care of the 600,000 young people, three-quarters of them only fifteen years of age, who enter employment every year should be regarded as a trust by their employers, and that their continued education, through the establishment

of County Colleges or otherwise, should be regarded as a national responsibility; that National Service itself should be viewed as a part of education, that the Services and their Cadet organisations should treat development of character and stamina as of greater importance to the nation than the attainment of an elementary proficiency in drill and weapon-training, and that they should accept risks in giving as many National Service men as possible the opportunity of becoming leaders. If the politicians and Civil Servants reply that these things are beyond our means or are politically impracticable, it is for us, the electors, to insist that the waste of our youth and our denial to it of opportunity, is something that is both morally and politically wrong and economically disastrous, and that the future of our country depends on a realisation of the fact. "It is not enough to hand on to our children the values and ideas which have produced the world of to-day. We must rediscover the sense of personal responsibility for what we do, both as individuals and as a community, and with it that integrity of faith and purpose which alone can support its burdens."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO:
A QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON
NEWS" OF NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

I.
OF old a 'spade' was called a 'spade'
By simples and by sages;
A 'workman' did his honest 'work,'
And 'servants' earn'd their 'wages!'
A 'man' was title of respect,
Whenever virtue named it;
There was but one of higher worth,
And lovely 'woman' claim'd it:
But now we masquerade with words—
The truth a great offence is—
And desecrate our English tongue
By pride and false pretences.

II.
We shame the language of our sires,
We talk so mild and meekly,—
We've 'operatives' for working-men,
And draw our 'salaries' weekly.
Our 'lady' takes the place of 'wife,'
That word so true and hearty;
And every 'man's' a 'gentleman,'
Unless we call him 'party.'
The 'shopman' hates the name of 'shop,'
And, by perversion later,
The man who digs a railway trench
Is call'd a 'navigator.'

III.
Oh, give us back our honest speech!
It had a soul of beauty;
And let us do our daily 'work,'
And think it pleasant duty.
Let's earn our 'wages' as of yore—
The word can never harm us;
Let's love our 'sweethearts' and our 'wives,'
And own that 'women' charm us.
So shall our actions, like our words,
Be void of affectation,
And 'spade' be 'spade,' and 'man' be 'man,'
Throughout the British nation.

"OF OLD A SPADE": AN OLD SONG WITH AN
UP-TO-DATE THEME.

The words of "Of Old a Spade," one of a series of songs published by *The Illustrated London News* in the 'fifties of last century, were written by Charles Mackay and adapted to the old English air "Push About the Jorum," arranged by Sir Henry Bishop. Mackay, who edited *The Illustrated London News* from 1852 to 1859, was the author of a great number of animated ditties, including "The Good Time Coming," "Cheer, Boys! Cheer!" and "There's a Land, a dear Land." "Of Old a Spade," written a century ago, has a quite remarkable topicality to-day.



AT THE TENTH ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE: MISS ANNA NEAGLE CURTSEYING TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DURING A PRESENTATION OF ACTORS AND ACTRESSES BEFORE THE SHOWING OF THE FILM "TO CATCH A THIEF."

On October 31 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the tenth Royal Film Performance in London. A crowd of several thousands was waiting outside the Odeon Cinema, in Leicester Square, to cheer her Majesty and the Duke. The film chosen was an American one, "To Catch a Thief," starring Cary Grant and Grace Kelly. Before the film was shown, nineteen actors and actresses from five countries were presented to the Queen. Our photograph shows (right to left) Miss Anna Neagle (curtseying to her Majesty); Mr. Kenneth More, Miss Patricia

Medina, Miss Virginia McKenna and Miss Gina Lollobrigida. The Queen wore a white satin dress with a boat-shaped neckline and flared skirt. It was appliquéd with pink roses and clusters of blue and green sequins. The performance was in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, for which it raised about £30,000. When the Queen and the Duke left the theatre shortly after 11 p.m., a large crowd, which had braved the cold evening, greeted them once more with ringing cheers as they entered their car to return to the Palace.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: SOME ROYAL OCCASIONS, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S RECOVERY, AND OTHER ITEMS.



(LEFT.) HOLDING THE FAMOUS BUT BATTERED DISPATCH CASE: MR. R. A. BUTLER, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, LEAVING HIS HOME TO PRESENT HIS SUPPLEMENTARY AUTUMN BUDGET.

On October 26 Mr. R. A. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented his Supplementary Budget to the House of Commons. The Opposition gave his speech one of the noisiest receptions suffered by any Chancellor of the Exchequer for many years. They later challenged the proposals in a strongly-worded censure motion.

(RIGHT.) PILOTING HIS OWN AIRCRAFT: LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C. (RIGHT), SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR, ARRIVING AT LUTON AIRPORT ON OCTOBER 24 FOR A VISIT TO THE GUIDED WEAPONS DIVISION OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY. THE AIR MINISTER ONLY RECENTLY LEARNT TO FLY.



GETTING BETTER: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER TO BE TAKEN SINCE HIS ILLNESS.

The first photograph of President Eisenhower to be taken since his heart attack on September 24 shows him sitting in a wheel-chair at the Fitzsimons Army Hospital, Denver, Colorado. The words "Much better thanks" are embroidered on his pyjama jacket. The President is reported to be making an excellent recovery.



BEFORE LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DEAN, DR. W. R. MATTHEWS.

On October 24 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Golden Jubilee Annual National Service for Seafarers at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Members of the Government, Commonwealth High Commissioners, representatives of the Diplomatic Corps and Service Chiefs were in the congregation. The address was given by the Bishop of Chester.



DURING A PRESENTATION OF LAND TITLE DEEDS: A PERSIAN PEASANT WHO KISSED THE SHAH'S SHOE. During a recent presentation of land title deeds by the Shah of Persia in Teheran one of the peasant recipients kissed the Shah's shoe to show his gratitude for his share of the 6200 acres of land which were distributed. The Shah then bent forward and helped the peasant to his feet.



AFTER OPENING THE NEW SCHOOL OF THE INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION AT SEAFORD: PRINCESS MARGARET SIGNING A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.

On October 26 Princess Margaret opened the new school of the Invalid Children's Aid Association at Seaford, Sussex. Part of the £10,000 which was raised for the Association by the amateur production of "The Frog" has been used to buy and convert the school building.



DURING HER TOUR OF A BISCUIT FACTORY: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER PAUSING TO HAVE A WORD WITH A BOY EMPLOYEE.

During a visit to Reading on October 26 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Huntley and Palmer's biscuit factory. She was later present at a luncheon given by the Mayor at the Town Hall; and subsequently opened Reading Technical College. The college has more than 5000 men and women students.

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS: GENEVA, ITALY, GREECE, AND VIET-NAM.

(RIGHT.) AT GENEVA: THE SCENE AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN MINISTERS, SHOWING THE SOVIET DELEGATION (LEFT), LED BY MR. MOLOTOV; THE U.S. DELEGATION, LED BY MR. DULLES (FACING CAMERA); THE FRENCH DELEGATION, LED BY M. PINAY (RIGHT), AND THE BRITISH DELEGATION, LED BY MR. MACMILLAN (BACKS TO CAMERA).



The Conference of Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the United States opened in Geneva on October 27 in the Council Chamber of the Palais des Nations. As was expected, there was an opening deadlock after the tabling of the rival Western and Soviet plans for European security, and during the early sessions the Western Ministers tried without success to coax from Mr. Molotov his proposals for German reunification. The Ministers did, however, agree to begin discussion of Item Three, East-West contacts, at their meeting on October 31. During the first week-end the interest at the Conference switched from European disagreements to the even more pressing problems in the Middle East. On October 30 Mr. Dulles went to see Mr. Molotov at his villa on the north shore of the Lake of Geneva and a brief statement said that they had discussed "problems of the Near East and other problems."



AT EDERLE BARRACKS IN VICENZA, ITALY: TWO ITALIAN CARABINIERI IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM STANDING BY A UNITED STATES "HONEST JOHN" ROCKET.



FLANKED BY U.S. SOLDIERS: TWO ITALIAN CARABINIERI CARRYING THE U.S. AND N.A.T.O. FLAGS DURING THE S.E.T.A.F. INAUGURATION CEREMONY AT VICENZA. S.E.T.A.F. (Southern European Task Force), composed of U.S. units previously stationed in Austria, was inaugurated recently at a ceremony in Vicenza. During the ceremony the N.A.T.O. flag and the United States and Italian flags were hoisted.



DEMONSTRATING IN ATHENS IN FAVOUR OF THE UNITY OF CYPRUS WITH GREECE: THOUSANDS OF GREEK STUDENTS, CARRYING BANNERS AND SHOUTING SLOGANS. While Greek Cypriots celebrated the entry of Greece into the Second World War on October 28, with stone-throwing, thousands of Athens students maintained the pattern by carrying banners and shouting slogans. Several students were injured before police dispersed them.



TAKING PART IN THE REFERENDUM IN SOUTH VIET-NAM, WHICH GAVE M. NGO DINH DIEM A 98 PER CENT. MAJORITY OVER THE EMPEROR BAO DAI: VOTERS IN SAIGON. The referendum held on October 23 in South Viet-Nam on the future ruler of the State resulted in a landslide for M. Ngo Dinh Diem, who polled 5,721,735 votes out of a total 5,828,907 cast. On October 26 M. Diem proclaimed the country a republic, with himself as President.

FRESH RIOTING IN NICOSIA: STONE-THROWING COUNTERED BY TEAR-GAS AND BATON CHARGES.



WEARING GAS-MASKS AND CARRYING BATONS: MEN OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT GOING INTO ACTION AGAINST NICOSIA RIOTERS AFTER DISPERSING THEM WITH TEAR-GAS SHELLS.



STANDING WITH RAISED HANDS AFTER BEING ROUNDED UP BY BRITISH TROOPS: YOUTHS WHO TOOK PART IN THE STONE-THROWING ACTIVITIES IN NICOSIA ON OCTOBER 28.

THE anniversary on October 28 of Greece's entry into the Second World War was an occasion for fresh rioting in various places in Cyprus, in spite of the Government's ban on assemblies and processions. Attending a service in Nicosia to celebrate the anniversary, Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Enosis movement for union with Greece, was cheered by the congregation; at the end of the service, gangs of Greek Cypriot youths collected in the streets adjoining Metaxas Square, which was cordoned off by troops and police, and began the jeering and stone-throwing familiar by now as part of the means by which Greek Cypriots hope to realise their aspirations. They were answered with tear-gas, which sent them scurrying to safety. When they reassembled elsewhere, baton charges by men of the 1st Battalion, the South Staffordshire Regiment again dispersed the demonstrators. The

[Continued below, centre.]



SCATTERING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AS A TEAR-GAS SHELL LANDS AMONG THEM: YOUNG GREEK CYPRIOTS, CARRYING GREEK FLAGS.



ARMED WITH BATONS AND SHIELDS AND WEARING GAS-MASKS: BRITISH TROOPS STANDING BY TO QUELL DISTURBANCES IN NICOSIA DURING THE RECENT RIOTING.

[Continued.] atmosphere of violence in Nicosia was intensified by the death sentence passed upon a young Greek Cypriot for the murder of a Nicosia policeman. While the trial was in progress, those engaged in court, including the three justices and counsel, were searched before being allowed to enter. Troops and rioters were injured in further clashes at Morphou, Famagusta, and Limassol.

(RIGHT.) SEARCHED FOR ARMS BY BRITISH SECURITY FORCES: COUNSEL TAKING PART IN THE TRIAL OF A GREEK CYPRIOT YOUTH, CHARGED WITH MURDERING A NICOSIA POLICEMAN.





THE WORLD'S BUSIEST COAL-FACE WORKER: A GIANT CATERPILLAR EXCAVATOR, LIFTING THOUSANDS OF TONS OF EARTH DAILY AND CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, USED IN A GERMAN LIGNITE MINE.

A lignite mine near Cologne has recently put into operation a gigantic caterpillar excavator, previously illustrated in our issue of October 8. Claimed to be the largest in the world, it weighs about 5500 tons, and is said to be able to move some 100,000 cubic metres (more than 130,000 cubic yards) of earth in a day. As the great clawed scoops of the massive blade-wheel bite

into the ground, tons of earth are lifted and poured along the conveyer system running the length of the steel arm on which the wheel revolves, to fall into the waiting railway trucks ranged underneath. The excavator is driven by 166 electric motors and runs on eighteen caterpillars. Two more such excavators are under construction, each stated to cost over £1,750,000.

LIFE IN THE NAVY IN THE DAYS OF SAIL.

"ABOVE AND UNDER HATCHES. Being Naval Recollections in Shreds and Patches with Strange Reflections";
By James Anthony Gardner, Commander, R.N. Edited by Christopher Lloyd.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE is a book which must rejoice any man or boy who ever delighted in "Midshipman Easy": and it is fact, not fiction. "These recollections," says Mr. Lloyd, their admirable editor, "have been the favourite reading of members of the Navy Record Society since they were first printed for the Society in 1906, edited by Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton and Sir John Knox Laughton. That limited edition being now out of print, it is hoped that a wider circle of readers may enjoy the book in the present edition." In other words, for the general public this is a newly-discovered work: and as racy a discovery as can be conceived.

James Anthony Gardner was born in 1770, son of a naval captain on whose ship he first served (presumably sharing his father's cabin) "as a captain's servant—i.e., one of the 'personal followers' which the commander of a ship has been permitted to take with him from time immemorial." He was at the time five years old. He retired in 1814 after years of watching on the coast near Hastings. His rank, after all that time, was that of lieutenant: he was "made commander" in 1830, and died at Peckham in 1846. What happened to him in his later years nobody seems to have found out: I can't help feeling that he must have enlivened Peckham as churchwarden, vestryman, *pro bono publico* agitator, or some such thing. Nor are we told what happened to his manuscript during the sixty years that passed

between his death and its resuscitation by the Navy Records Society. He himself, however, made it quite clear why he set his reminiscences down. At the beginning he broke into verse as was often his wont: he was also, like many naval officers of his day, familiar with Latin poetry and Greek legend, could quote Pope by the yard, and doubtless thought of the winds, with which he was so breezily familiar, as Boreas and Auster. The introductory stanza runs:

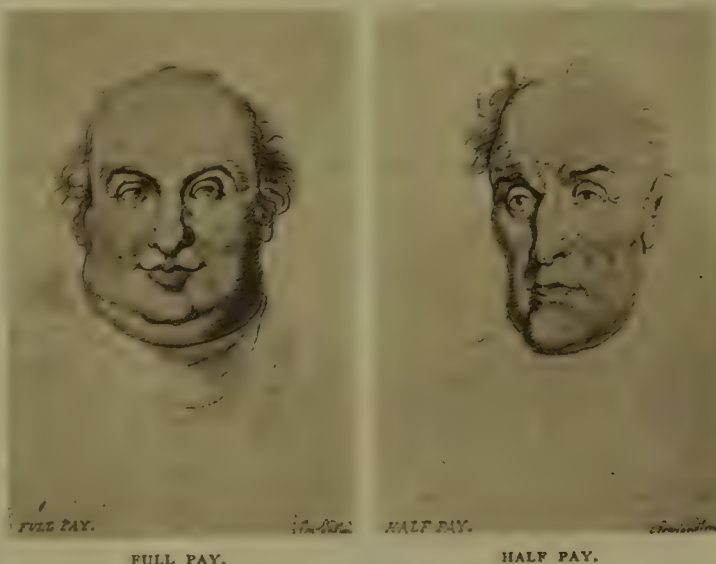
Ye bloods of the
present day!
To you I have
nothing to say,
Except ye are
able

To splice a chain cable
Or get a sheer hulk under way.
But to my veteran friends
I submit here my odds and my ends.

Thereafter follows: "It has pleased God to give me a good memory, and I have perfect recollection of almost every circumstance from very early life. My object in writing my naval recollections is to amuse my family when I am moored head and stern; and I shall first state for their information that my naval ancestors held the rank from admiral of the white to that of commander, and in the soldiering line from general to major." I wonder if he was a relation of his older contemporary, Alan Gardner, Admiral of the Blue, and ultimately a Peer of the Realm? One way or the other, he had a certain amount of "interest" behind him, which counted in those days, and his lack of progress in a Service, which saw many of his shipmates becoming Admirals, Post-Captains and K.C.B.s, must be ascribed to his character. He was evidently a good seaman, and respected good seamen, good mathematicians, good navigators, good but reasonable disciplinarians, and good fellows: it can only be supposed that his superiors thought that, although efficient in an emergency, he didn't take life, or the Service, quite seriously enough. I can imagine the frowns.

Meanwhile the senior Admirals of to-day, more than a century after Gardner's death, from Lord Chatfield downwards, may chuckle over his reminiscences of gun-room and wardroom, recovering glimpses

of their own young lives in those cheerful, floating monasteries, Her Majesty's ships, and may think of the humble Gardner as almost as great a landmark in the history of the Navy as Nelson himself.



From two sketches by Rowlandson.
Illustrations reproduced from the book "Above and Under Hatches"; by courtesy of the publisher, The Batchworth Press.



Middle Deck of the "Hector," 1840.

MIDDLE DECK OF THE HECTOR. 24-POUNDER GUNS ARE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DECK. THE MAINMAST IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE, WHICH IS TAKEN FROM THE DOOR OF THE LIEUTENANTS' WARDROOM. WOMEN WERE ALLOWED ON BOARD WHILE SHIPS WERE IN PORT.

(From Thomas Rowlandson's "Tour.")

Illustrations reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum.



A PROBLEM IN NAVIGATION: TWO MIDSHIPMEN WATCHING THE MASTER AND HIS MATE AT A CHART.

(From an illustration by Nicholas Pocock to Faulkner's "Shipwreck"—1803 edition.)

Now that the manuscript has been released to the general public, I should not be surprised if a horde of young scholars began researches into Gardner's life. The man is such fun! At the end of every chapter about his commissions—and, although he sailed tens of thousands of miles, he was seldom in action, so had plenty of leisure during which he had time to observe his brethren—Gardner gives his opinions about his shipmates. They are terse and communicative. For example:

THOMAS WILSON, Surgeon's Mate.
Uncertain. He could play a little on the flute, and

used to annoy all hands by everlastingly playing the King's Minuet.

EDWARD FORSTER, Midshipman.

Dead. Herculean Irishman; a terror to the dockyard mates.

ALEXANDER MAUNDRELL, Midshipman.

Dead. A lieutenant. Was broke for tyranny, which he richly deserved.

ALEX MACKENZIE, Midshipman.

Dead. [1825] A post captain. This man, when he was a midshipman, used to sneak after the lieutenants; when made a lieutenant, sneaking after the captains, and when made a captain, was at his old tricks, sneaking after the admirals. Had he lived to be made a flag officer, he would have sneaked after the Devil.

I am wandering: but doesn't the book wander! "The bullocks were very small, and here I must relate a droll circumstance. Our purser's steward was one that dearly loved grog, and it so happened that on the day the bullocks were slaughtered, he got beastly drunk. Some of the midshipmen seeing him in that situation in the first watch, lying near the steward room, agreed to sew him up in one of the bullocks' hides, which was accordingly done. The horns being on, were fixed to a nicety on his head and fastened under his chin, firm as a rock. A little before twelve he came to himself and got up (for his legs and arms were free) and tried to get into the steward room, but the key was secured. He then began to

bellow, just as the quartermaster came down to call the watch, and was knocking his horns against the bulkhead, his tail near the cockpit ladder. The quartermaster, holding up his lantern, looked at him for some time in amazement; at last, letting it fall, he took to his heels, swearing that the Devil was in the cockpit; while those who slept abaft on the lower deck jumped out of their hammocks and followed his example. 'Twas a most laughable sight; particularly so when the officer of the watch came down to see what was the matter and, evidently under the influence of fear, did not venture down the cockpit

ladder until one of the midshipmen came up and said it was Colquhoun, the steward, transformed into a bullock. It had a good effect on the steward, as he was afraid ever after to bouse his jib up [i.e. rear his head]; and whenever he put his head up the cockpit ladder, those on the lower deck would sing out, 'What's become of your horns?'

"Those on the lower deck"—a thing that strikes a modern reader is the little attention that this junior officer, humane and definitely "a mixer," gives to the lower deck. Now and again there is a reference to some "poor fellow" washed overboard, but contact between officers and lower deck seems not to have been very close. Some of the sailors were pressed-men, some even (they occur here) pressed smugglers, who took the first chance of escape. We were in a desperate situation at the apex of the French Revolutionary War, and we had to get our men wherever we could find them. But, although Commander Gardner says little about the lower deck, I am sure that he was fellow-man with them.

At the end of his career he records:

SOME SHIPMATES IN THE BRUNSWICK METHUSELAH WILLS, Master.

Dead. Poor old Wills was crabbed, but a good fellow. ROBERT COOPER, Purser.

Dead. A very worthy fellow.

AUGUSTUS JOHN FIELD. 1st Lieutenant of Marines.

Dead. A very brave fellow, who drew a long bow, but would injure no one.

This is the diary of a very brave fellow who drew no long bow at all. Perhaps, in Valhalla, he may be pleased to know that he is still remembered.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 798 of this issue.

* "Above and Under Hatches. Being Naval Recollections in Shreds and Patches with Strange Reflections." By James Anthony Gardner, Commander, R.N. Edited by Christopher Lloyd, Assistant Professor, Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Illustrated. (Batchworth Press: 1961.)



WITH A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY. THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AND MME. CRAVEIRO LOPES DRIVING IN STATE TO THE CITY: THE PROCESSION MOVING UP FLEET STREET.

On October 26, the second day of their three-day State visit to this country, the President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, and his wife, paid a State visit to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London at Guildhall. They drove from Buckingham Palace in a Carriage Procession, and were escorted by a Sovereign's escort of the Household Cavalry. A Court of Common Council

was held in the Library of Guildhall, where the President and Mme. Lopes were welcomed by the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, in his crimson and ermine robes, with Lady Howard. Large crowds of City workers had gathered near Guildhall, and the official welcome was preceded by a warm greeting from this crowd and other groups along the route, which was lined by contingents of the three Services.

FEW who had followed, even casually, the course of events in the Saar can have been astonished that the Statute was rejected in the referendum of October 22. Still fewer, however, can have been prepared for the overwhelming victory of the pro-German parties who opposed the Statute. The votes against the Statute numbered 423,434; the votes in its favour 201,973. A majority of well over two to one in a contest in which the backers of the Statute—the Governments of the Saar, of France, and of the Federal Republic of Germany—had professed optimism, at all events until a few days before the event, must be regarded as highly significant. It has been ruinous for the Prime Minister of the Saar, Herr Hoffmann, and a rebuff for Dr. Adenauer. But the Saarlanders of the majority did not feel that they were voting against the Chancellor. They felt that they were voting against France. It is as a vote against France that their victory is most significant.

The essential error committed in all three cases—but least in that of the Government of the Federal Republic, which was certainly not enthusiastically for the Statute and supported it in the good cause of Franco-German relations—was one of psychology. The three Governments were seeking a neat solution of a difficult international problem. They sought it on a European, on an international, plane. There is nothing to be said against that. But, working on the international plane and in the interests of European co-operation and unity, they shut their eyes to the sentiments of those who were most closely concerned, who were the people who voted. When these last came to their verdict they gave it decisively. The whole of the Saar went to the poll. The proportion of the electorate is reported to have been over 96 per cent., which looks fantastically high, but the polling was carefully supervised, with a foreign observer at each station. All was quiet and orderly at the booths, though some of the electioneering had been more than lively.

If the causes of the rout of the Statute are examined more closely, the statement that the vote was a vote against France is confirmed. Herr Hoffmann, who fought so strenuously for the Statute, laboured under the heavy handicap of personal unpopularity. It may be that even had he been popular the Statute would have been defeated, but it would not have been defeated so contemptuously. And the main cause of the unpopularity of the Prime Minister was that he was adjudged to be pro-French, and to be tarred with the brush of a record of subservience to the French during the military occupation.

The great majority of the people of the Saar had come to the conclusion that France was seeking undue advantages in their country, perhaps reviving in a modified form the manoeuvres witnessed in the Rhineland after the First World War. This would seem to be an unjust view, but at least no one can now deny that France had disregarded the interests and opinions of the Saarlanders.

Let it be acknowledged that fighters for a cause such as that of the Statute must always face uphill work. It is not easy to arouse for a device like the proposed Saar constitution, essentially a device of politicians and economists, the enthusiasm so easily raised for a national cause, or a cause which can be presented as national. According to the Statute, the Saar was to have been separated from Germany and given what was called a "European status" under an international commission. The eventual return of the territory to Germany was not barred, but there were differences between the French and German interpretations of this contingency. These were, in fact, so sharp that they came out in the speeches of Dr. Adenauer and of leading members of the French Government. Honourable work was applied to the task of reaching a compromise which would confirm the reconciliation between France and Germany, but in the eagerness to achieve it there was too great a tendency to leave loose ends. This is a dangerous procedure in international affairs.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE NATIONALIST VICTORY IN THE SAAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The vagueness of the settlement appears again in the fact that there was equally sharp disagreement about the effects of the rejection of the Statute. Only a couple of days before the referendum took place the French Foreign Minister, M. Pinay, stated that if the Statute were defeated there would be no fresh negotiations between France and Germany, and that all that would happen would be failure to secure an international status; this meant that France would continue to control the defence arrangements of the Saar, that it would be denied an autonomous foreign policy, and that it would remain within the authority of the French customs. This is a possible literal interpretation, because no formula for the future of the territory in the event of rejection was inscribed in the Statute. Strictly applied, however, it would offend against both common sense and justice. No more flagrant example of the schoolboy saying, "heads I win, tails you lose," could be imagined.

The referendum would, in fact, have been meaningless if its voice of "Yes" was to be regarded as a rubber stamp on the Statute and its vote of "No" was to lead to disregard of the sentiments behind it. Full French reactions are not available at the time of

adhere stubbornly to a doubtful interpretation of the letter of the law. Such a course could only have the effect of strengthening National Socialism in the Saar and Germany.

It is no less necessary that the German Government should apply itself to the problem 'once again, despite the guarded agreement of Dr. Adenauer with M. Pinay's statement that rejection of the Statute would not be followed by fresh negotiations. It would indeed seem doubtful whether the Government could long maintain power if it failed to take this course. There are, however, reasons more powerful in the long run than that of preserving the Chancellor's majority. Good relations between the two countries are as desirable for Germany as for France. There are few factors in them likely to be of more importance than the future of the Saar. The result of the referendum, as it stands, represents a sharp set-back to Franco-German friendship, as well as to the unity of Western Europe. Only by reopening negotiations can it be hoped to repair the damage which has been done. And this can be achieved only by returning to the task in a spirit of good will and with broad minds on either side.

The crux lies not so much in the immediate as in the more distant future of the territory. It is there that the French have always been inclined to hedge or to take refuge in obscurities. The conduct of the election campaign by the leaders of the opposition was in some cases too aggressive in spirit, but it is only fair to note that they have not, so far, pretended that reunion of the Saar with Germany can be achieved at once. If the Statute had been accepted, the return

of the Saar to Germany would have been, in the words of the Social Democratic leader Herr Ollenhauer, impossible for an incalculable length of time. This is presumably one of the reasons why the majority against the Statute was so large. One of the first objects of further negotiations should be, it would seem, to find means of clarifying this issue. It may be a good thing that in some circumstances a territory should be given an international status. It would be indefensible to force it to remain in that situation indefinitely against the wishes of more than two-thirds of its inhabitants.

British good offices might prove useful on a reopening of the case. Britain is without prejudices in the matter, because her only interest in it is to see a satisfactory settlement and an end to the ceaseless danger to the world which Franco-German rivalry and hostility have created for centuries. She has already played a creditable part in eliminating causes of friction between them; in fact, without her the two countries

would not have agreed to the present arrangement for Germany's self-defence. By the time these words are read it will presumably be known whether the matter has been discussed at the meeting of the Foreign Ministers and, if so, whether any good has emerged from the discussion. It would be a tragedy if all the hard work put into this business were to be lost. Despite the damage done, a good deal still remains, but to leave it as it is would be like leaving a bombed building to the weather.

One must suppose that the Governments of France and the Federal Republic desire to preserve the substance of the agreement reached last year as far as may be. The essence of the present situation is that the votes cast on October 22 represent a portent. There is no point in complaining of the manner in which they were obtained, so long as illegal pressure was not exerted, and no one has seriously suggested that it was. There was a time, not so long ago, when the annexation of a province from a defeated nation was considered justified. In half the world this practice appears to be regarded as natural even now. In our half it is not approved unless with the assent of the people of the province. Proposals to annex the Saar have, indeed, fortunately ceased, and are not likely to be heard again. But to tie it indefinitely to a régime which it disliked, and of which it had disapproved as thoroughly as was possible by legitimate means, would be only a degree less immoral by the standards which our half of the world has proclaimed.



MEETING IN PARIS TO CONSOLIDATE THEIR POSITION BEFORE THE GENEVA CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN MINISTERS, WHICH OPENED ON OCTOBER 27: (L. TO R.) MR. DULLES, M. PINAY AND MR. MACMILLAN.

The British, French and United States Foreign Ministers met in Paris on October 24 to discuss the forthcoming Geneva Conference and to consolidate the Western position before coming face-to-face with Mr. Molotov. Among the other items to engage their attention was the position in the Saar following the rejection of the European Statute, discussed by Captain Falls in the article on this page.

writing, but it is clear that France would be ill-advised to look on the "no" in this light. The situation cannot be left completely as it stands. France, distracted by her troubles in Africa and with a large part of her armed forces withdrawn from their European stations, to which they are pledged in the North Atlantic Treaty, could not fairly demand of her partners the support for the *status quo*, without which support she could not treat the referendum in this manner. One cannot believe that she will attempt to do so. What form reconsideration will take is open to doubt, but it will have to be undertaken. And the sooner it begins, the better.

Doubtless the French will feel that the size of the majority, and the arguments which helped to secure it, are proof of the survival of the Nazi spirit. The campaign does appear to have been conducted with a liberal share of demagoguery, but there is no proof that those who voted against the Statute or those who supported them in Germany were Nazi in sympathies. In any event, the former exercised a right which had been accorded them by France and Germany. Nazi doctrine is not required to explain the two-to-one majority of those who voted "No." Nationalism is everywhere strong and aggressive in the world of to-day. Some of its aspects are to be deplored as dangerous, some as a nuisance to statecraft, but it is not in itself to be condemned, still less to be regarded as a crime. And even if the "No" vote were predominantly Nazi, it would surely not be in the interest of France to



PRESIDENT AND MADAME CRAVEIRO LOPES WERE ENTERTAINED TO LUNCHEON BY THE LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON: THE SCENE AT GUILDHALL ON OCTOBER 27, SHOWING THE LORD MAYOR TALKING TO MADAME LOPES, ON HIS LEFT.



THE LORD MAYOR, SIR SEYMOUR HOWARD, RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT GIFT FROM THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL: THE MASSIVE SILVER SOUP TUREEN AND SALVER, SEEN HERE ON THE TABLE ALSO BEARING THE SWORD AND THE MACE, WERE CARRIED IN BY TWO SPECIAL ATTENDANTS.

SOME BRILLIANT HIGHLIGHTS AT LONDON'S CIVIC WELCOME TO THE STATE VISITORS FROM PORTUGAL.

During their State visit to the City of London the President of Portugal and his wife were accorded the traditional welcome given to such important visitors. On their arrival at Guildhall they were heralded by a fanfare of State trumpets and entered between lines of pikemen of the Company of Pikemen and Musketeers of the H.A.C. The Recorder, Sir Gerald Dodson, read an Address of Welcome, which was then placed in a silver casket and presented by the Lord Mayor to the President. In his reply, General Craveiro Lopes expressed his

appreciation for this warm welcome. Then two top-hatted servants carried in the great silver soup tureen and salver which were the President's gift to the City of London. There were more than 700 guests at the luncheon in the splendid setting of Guildhall. In the speeches which followed, several references were made to the long tradition of alliance between Portugal and this country. The first Anglo-Portuguese Treaty was signed close by, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1373, in the reign of King Edward III.

THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AND MADAME CRAVEIRO LOPES IN LONDON.

THE first public engagement undertaken by the President of Portugal and Madame Craveiro Lopes after their arrival in London, on October 25, was in the afternoon, when they visited Westminster Abbey to place a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. From Westminster Abbey the President and his wife drove to Clarence House, where they took tea with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Later, in the throne room of St. James's Palace, the President and Madame Craveiro Lopes received addresses from the chairman of the London County Council and the Mayor and Corporation of Westminster. On the following day the State visitors drove to Guildhall, a colourful occasion, which is illustrated and described elsewhere. In the afternoon the President and his wife visited the exhibition of Portuguese art at the Royal Academy and were shown round the galleries by Professor A. E. Richardson, President of the Royal Academy. In the evening the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal family, were entertained to dinner by the President of Portugal and Madame Craveiro Lopes at the Portuguese Embassy.



LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR GUILDHALL: THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AND MADAME CRAVEIRO LOPES. PART OF THE NEWLY-CLEANED PALACE FAÇADE CAN BE SEEN.



AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: PRESIDENT CRAVEIRO LOPES, ASSISTED BY TWO PORTUGUESE SAILORS, PLACING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.



DURING THE PRESIDENT AND MADAME CRAVEIRO LOPES' VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE PRESIDENT STUDYING A DISPLAY OF ANGLO-PORTUGUESE TREATIES.



ARRIVING AT THE PORTUGUESE EMBASSY: THE QUEEN, WHO WAS THE GUEST AT DINNER OF THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AND MADAME CRAVEIRO LOPES.



ADMIRING THE STATE COACH MADE FOR QUEEN MARIA FRANCISCA OF SAVOY: THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL WITH PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON (LEFT).



ARRIVING IN BELGRAVE SQUARE: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS A GUEST AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AT THE PORTUGUESE EMBASSY.

A GLITTERING GALA: GENERAL AND MADAME LOPES AT COVENT GARDEN.



(ABOVE.) STANDING DURING THE TWO NATIONAL ANTHEMS: (L. TO R., FRONT) THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL, THE QUEEN, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, MME. CRAVEIRO LOPES, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARGARET. BEHIND THE QUEEN ARE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. THE DUCHESS OF KENT STANDS BEHIND MME. CRAVEIRO LOPES.



ARRIVING FOR THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF "THE BARTERED BRIDE" IN HONOUR OF GENERAL AND MME. LOPES: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT) AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, CHATTING WITH VISCOUNT WAVERLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

Continued.

Duke of Edinburgh attended, with the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, and Princess Alexandra. Scarlet and green, the Portuguese national colours, were predominant in a dazzling kaleidoscope. The Royal Box itself was hung with rich green velvet, fronted with scarlet ostrich feather plumes, and its ceiling draped with white satin. Below, as a centre-piece, the Queen's cipher was emblazoned in gold, surrounded by an



ENTERING A SCENE OF SPLENDOUR AND BRILLIANCE: THE QUEEN AND THE SMILING PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, WHERE THEY ARRIVED TOGETHER. BEHIND THEM ARE PRINCESS MARGARET AND MME. LOPES.

THE Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was the scene of a brilliant and splendid assembly on October 27, when a gala performance of "The Bartered Bride" was presented in honour of the President of Portugal and Mme. Craveiro Lopes. The Queen and the

(Continued below.)

allegorical device, and green and scarlet flags. The Queen and the President, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Mme. Lopes, were met at the Royal Opera House by the Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government, and Lady Eden. As they entered the Royal Box, the State trumpeters sounded a fanfare. The National Anthem of Portugal was played, followed by "God Save the Queen," and the preliminaries to a splendid and memorable evening were over.

THE BURAIMI OASIS TENSION: SCENES OF THE TRUCIAL COAST AND ITS HINTERLAND.



A SETTLEMENT IN THE LIWA OASIS, ONE OF THE AREAS IN DISPUTE BETWEEN THE SHEIKHS OF THE TRUCIAL COAST AND THE SAUDI ARABIAN GOVERNMENT. THE PALM GROVES LIE ON SALT FLATS BELOW THE GREAT DUNES.



A WATER-FRONT SCENE AT DUBAI, THE LARGEST TOWN ON THE TRUCIAL COAST, SHOWING COASTAL AND PEARLING BOATS IN THE BACKGROUND, AND ROWING BOATS FOR FERRYING ACROSS THE CREEK WHICH DIVIDES THE TOWN IN HALF.

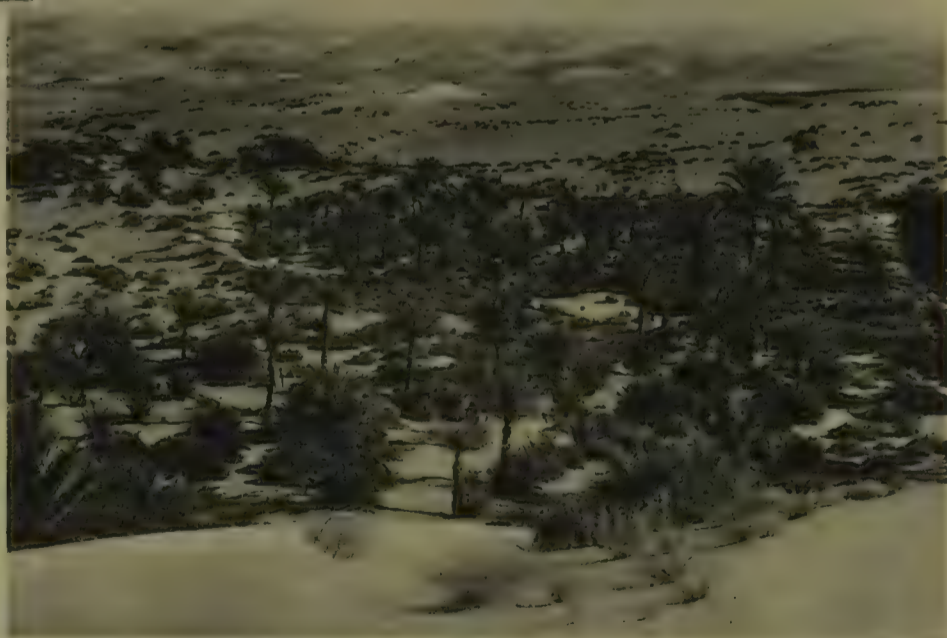


THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE OMAN RANGE: JABAL KAUR. THIS MOUNTAIN LIES ABOUT 100 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF BURAIMI; AND IN THE GRAVEL PLAINS TO THE WEST OF THESE MOUNTAINS, OIL IS EXPECTED TO BE FOUND.

On October 26 Sir Anthony Eden made a statement in the House of Commons relating to the breakdown of the Buraimi arbitration proceedings. After outlining the history of the formation of the arbitration tribunal, the Prime Minister pointed out that the Saudi Arabian Government had systematically disregarded the conditions of arbitration and "bribery and intimidation on a wide scale has



THE WIND TURRET OF A WEALTHY ARAB HOUSE IN SHARJA, A PORT ON THE TRUCIAL COAST. THESE TURRETS (SEE ALSO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF DUBAI) DEFLECT WIND DOWNWARDS AND HELP TO KEEP THE HOUSE COOL IN THE GREAT HEAT.



LYING ABOUT 70 MILES INLAND FROM ABU DHABI ON THE TRUCIAL COAST: THE OASIS OF LIWA, WHICH HAS ABUNDANT SWEET WATER. THE INHABITANTS KEEP SHEEP AND GOATS, TEND THE DATE PALMS AND DIVE FOR PEARLS IN THE GULF IN SUMMER.

taken place in the disputed areas, with the result that it is no longer possible . . . to estimate where the loyalties of the inhabitants lay before Turki's armed incursion." [Turki bin Ataishan is a Saudi Arabian official.] "The ruler of Abu Dhabi and the Sultan of Muscat have scrupulously observed the conditions of arbitration which her Majesty's Government in good faith recommended to them. They have had to stand by and watch their subjects being suborned and the outcome of the arbitration itself being gravely prejudiced in advance." He also referred to the behaviour of the Saudi Arabian Government at the tribunal itself and said that it indicated that they were no more willing to reach an equitable solution by arbitration than they had previously by negotiation. Therefore the Government had been obliged to advise the rulers of Abu Dhabi and the Sultan of Muscat that the attempt to reach a just solution by arbitration had failed;

[Continued opposite.

THE RULERS OF BURAIMI, AND THE LEVIES WHO RESUMED ITS CONTROL.



ONE OF THE TWO OWNERS OF THE TERRITORY OF BURAIMI: SHEIKH SHAKHBUT BIN SULTAN, THE RULER OF ABU DHABI, ONE OF THE TRUCIAL STATES.



THE PALACE OF THE RULER OF ABU DHABI. THE BROTHER OF THE RULER REPRESENTS HIM AT BURAIMI AND RECENTLY REFUSED HUGE BRIBES OFFERED BY SAUDI ARABIA.



THE OTHER OWNER OF THE TERRITORY OF BURAIMI: THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT, SAID BIN TAIMUR—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HIS VISIT TO LONDON.



SOME OF THE TROOPS WHO HELPED TO RESUME CONTROL OF THE OASIS OF BURAIMI: TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM ONE OF THEIR BRITISH OFFICERS.



TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES IN THEIR OFF-DUTY DRESS. ALL PROUDLY HOLD THEIR KUNJAS, THE OFTEN ELABORATELY DECORATED DAGGERS, WHICH ARE CONSIDERED A MARK OF BREEDING AMONG THE BEDOUIN TRIBESMEN.



A ROYAL ARTILLERY SERGEANT FROM NORTHERN IRELAND, SERVING WITH THE TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES, AND INSTRUCTING TWO OF THEM IN FIRE PRECAUTIONS.

Continued.

and therefore the forces of these rulers, supported by the Trucial Oman levies, had taken steps to resume control of the Buraimi Oasis and areas to the west of it. The Saudi Arabian force had been evacuated from the oasis, with two men slightly wounded. The Government were prepared to declare and uphold as a fair frontier between the territory and Saudi Arabia the line formerly known as the Riyadh line as modified in 1937 in favour of Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia



THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE H.Q. SQUADRON OF THE TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES: CAPTAIN S. PORTAL, OF 17/21ST LANCERS, WITH SOME OF HIS N.C.O.s AND MEN.

has protested against this action. It was later reported that the forces of the ruler of Abu Dhabi and the levies suffered two fatal casualties and three wounded. In our issue of October 1 we published some photographs of the Trucial Oman levies, with a brief account of their history. We there stated that they were formed "through the agency of a civilian called Hankin Turvin." He was, in fact, Mr. J. M. Hankin-Turvin, who commanded the levies until August 1953.



ORDERED IN QUANTITY BY B.O.A.C.: THE DE HAVILLAND COMET 4, A NEW AND MORE POWERFUL VERSION OF THE AIRCRAFT WHICH INAUGURATED THE WORLD'S FIRST JET PASSENGER SERVICE.

The de Havilland *Comet* airliner inaugurated the world's first jet passenger service in May 1952. Its beautiful contours, no less than its outstanding performance, aroused world-wide admiration. Then came two tragic crashes, and the future of the *Comet* jet airliner suddenly became enigmatic. The aircraft was withdrawn from service, and the makers commenced an investigation on a scale without parallel in the history of aeronautical engineering. Meanwhile, the development of the *Comets* 2 and 3 continued, the latter differing from the previous marks in having more powerful engines and a lengthened fuselage. When the findings of the Committee of Inquiry into the *Comet* crashes were made known, these, together with the structural design improvements suggested by the intensive research carried out at the

Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, were embodied in a plan for a Mark 4 *Comet*, and impetus was given to the project by a firm order by British Overseas Airways Corporation for twenty of the new aircraft. This aided de Havillands in clarifying their production programme. The *Comet* 3 was thereupon designated a prototype, superseded as a production model by the *Comet* 4. The makers have recently announced that the design work on the Mark 4 is virtually complete, and because of the aerodynamic similarity of the two types, it has been possible to estimate within close limits the performance of the *Comet* 4 and thus make available to airline operators a great deal of information at a date which is unusually early for a new aircraft. It will be equipped with four Rolls-Royce *Avon* R.A.29 engines

of 10,500 lb. static thrust and will carry fifty-eight first-class passengers on a stage-length of 2,670 miles against a 50-m.p.h. head-wind. In effect, this means that *Comets* will be able to fly on B.O.A.C.'s London-Johannesburg route with stops at Cairo and Nairobi, and to operate direct services from London eastwards to Beirut, thence to Karachi, thence to Bangkok, Okinawa and Tokyo. Moreover, on the North Atlantic route, the Mark 4 *Comet* will carry its full capacity payload from London to Gander, Newfoundland, with full reserves, thus making its application to the London-New York service an economic possibility. At a later stage, the prototype *Comet* 3 will be fitted with the Rolls-Royce R.A. 29 engine, and in this form it will be able to accomplish a large proportion of the flying required to obtain the *Comet* 4

its certificate of airworthiness. Parallel with the flight-test programme, the most rigorous tests of metal fatigue under exceptional stresses are being continued at Hatfield in the light of recent discoveries, both on the *Comet* 4 and on the *Comet* 2. The latter is not a production model, but a small number had been completed before the makers decided to concentrate on the long-range Mark 4; some may shortly go into service with the Royal Air Force Transport Command, while others may be used for medium-stage inter-continental operations, for which they are eminently suited. Delivery of the production Mark 4 *Comet* is expected to begin in 1958, when it should justify the faith of its designers and the praise of its admirers by taking its rightful place in the forefront of the world's major air services.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.

WHERE 960 ZEALOTS COMMITTED SUICIDE SOONER THAN SUBMIT TO A ROMAN ARMY OF 15,000:

THE DEAD SEA FORTRESS ROCK OF MASADA—FORTIFIED BY THE MACCABEES AND HELD BY HEROD—NOW FIRST SURVEYED.

The first of two articles by DR. M. AVI-YONAH, Lecturer in Archaeology, Hebrew University, Jerusalem.

THE fortress of Masada—the word means "stronghold" in Hebrew—is celebrated in history as the place of the last stand of the Jews in their First War against Rome (A.D. 66–73). Its origins go back to the Maccabean period; the High Priest Jonathan, the brother of Judas Maccabaeus, built there a small fort some time between 161 and 143 B.C. The whole site (Fig. 1) was surrounded by a wall by King Herod (37–4 B.C.), who also built himself a palace there. Masada was the first place seized by the Zealots in their revolt against Rome and it was the last to fall, having held out for three years after the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Second Temple in A.D. 70. The Roman general Flavius Silva advanced against it in December 72 at the head of the Tenth Legion, its auxiliary troops and thousands of Jewish captives, who served as his labour force. In all, the Roman army must have amounted to about 15,000 men; but the strength of the place was such that this large force barely sufficed, although Masada was held by fewer than a thousand, women and children included. Being situated in the Judæan desert in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, the surroundings of Masada are bare and there is no spring in the neighbourhood, so that even water had to be brought from a considerable distance. The fortress was built on a lofty rock surrounded by deep ravines, so that a direct assault was impossible. Yet the energy of the Roman soldier overcame all these difficulties. Masada was encircled by a siege wall (Fig. 2) and eight camps

were set up commanding all ways of egress. Then a siege mound 300 ft. high was thrown up against the western side of the rock (where it was slightly lower) (Fig. 3); it was surmounted by a platform 75 ft. high and topped by a tower 90 ft. high. Thus the difference in height between the two contending forces was overcome and the wall of the fortress could be directly assaulted by a battering-ram set up in a moving tower. The wall was breached within a few days; the besieged put up a wooden wall behind the breach, but this was burnt down by the Romans owing to a favourable turn in the wind. The Romans then withdrew for the night; when they returned the next morning there were inside only seven people alive, two women and five children; all the rest, 960 in all, had committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the victors. The last to die had set fire to the palace. Thus, according to the account of Flavius Josephus in the

Seventh Book of his "Jewish War," ended the siege of Masada on May 2, A.D. 73.

Masada owes its strength as a fortress to its position (Fig. 9). Owing to a close approach of two dry river beds (or wadis) the rock stands out almost isolated; in most places it rises steeply for 1000 ft. above the surrounding plain. Access is possible by the Roman siege mound in the west and by a narrow winding

end of the rock had to be approached by narrow paths winding between the cliff and the abyss (Fig. 10). Luckily the whole survey went off without an accident, save for a mule which slipped and perished on the Snake path.

The first task of the expedition was a general survey of the rock surface. It is encircled by a casemate wall of stone, with towers, corresponding in width (12 ft.) and length (1400 yards) to Josephus' description. The area within the wall was mostly bare, thus confirming another of Josephus' statements, viz., that it was given up to cultivation. Here and there on the surface stand the ruins of buildings, still 9 to 12 ft. high. These include the store-houses built by Herod for supplies of food and weapons planned to last 1000 men for a year (Fig. 6). They were formed by sixteen long and narrow rooms encircled by a corridor and having a central building attached to them. Near the West gate stood a big building with three courtyards, each surrounded

by a dozen rooms. This must have been the lodging house for the royal suite. A third construction had its court surrounded by twelve halls and these again by twenty-eight smaller rooms of equal size; the whole seems to have served as barracks of the royal guards. All these constructions were surveyed and planned. A trial sounding was made in the building near the West gate; a plastered floor was found at a depth of 3 ft. The walls of the courtyard were plastered and the stucco moulded into imitation of Herodian stonemasonry (Fig. 12), such as is seen in the Wailing Wall and the remainder of the wall encircling Herod's Temple. Moulded plaster bases were also found flanking a triple gate.

[Continued opposite]

NOTE.—The identification of the ruins (called es Sebba by the Bedouin) was first suggested by the American explorer Edward Robinson, who saw it from a distance in 1838; but the ruins were first visited, in 1842, by the American missionary Wolcott and the English painter Tipping, who first portrayed them. The discovery of the Roman camps and circumvallation made the identification certain. Other explorers who visited the site were a party led by the American naval

officer W. F. Lynch (1848), the French archaeologist E. Rey (1858), the Englishmen Tristram (1864), Warren (1869) and Conder (1875). The Germans von Domszewski (1897) and A. Schutten (1932) were mainly interested in the Roman camps. Excellent air views were taken by the R.A.F. in 1922 and these were published by Hawkes. The first explorers had noted a round tower 70 ft. below the summit and a square building 40 ft. lower; and also openings in the rock further down; but did not venture to explore these. They were reached, however, a few years ago by a group of expert climbers led by Mr. S. Guttman, of Na'an. In consequence of their findings a joint archaeological survey was undertaken by the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, the Israel Exploration Society and the Israel Department of Antiquities. This survey (which lasted from March 15 to 29, 1955) was directed by Dr. M. Avi-Yonah with Dr. N. Avigad of the University and Dr. Y. Aharoni of the department; and with them were associated the architects E. Dunayevski and E. Gath and Mr. S. Guttman, mentioned above.



FIG. 1. A SKETCH-MAP OF THE FORTRESS OF MASADA IN THE JUDÆAN DESERT BESIDE THE DEAD SEA. THE FORTRESS ITSELF (SHADED) MEASURES 2080 FT. FROM NORTH TO SOUTH AND 1050 FT. FROM EAST TO WEST. THE ROMAN CAMPS AND FORTIFICATIONS ARE MARKED "A" AND ARE LINKED BY A LINE SHOWING THE CIRCUMVALLATION WALL.

path in the east. This path existed already in antiquity; Josephus calls it "the Snake" because of "its resemblance to that reptile in its narrowness and continuous windings." The summit of the rock forms a fairly level surface, 2080 ft. from north to south and 1050 ft. from east to west.

Thanks to the active co-operation of the Israel Army the members of the expedition (twenty-five in all, including University students and other volunteers) were able to reach Masada and live in a camp set up on top of the rock. All supplies, including water, had to be brought from a base camp up the "Snake" path, repaired by the Army sappers, to the foot of the steep cliff surrounding the site. The last 100 ft. were overcome by the help of a winch, which operated like an ancient siege machine on top of the plastered wall of the fortress. The surrounding ravines made the survey somewhat hazardous, as the remains at the north



FIG. 2. AS THE CAMPS OF FLAVIUS SILVA MUST HAVE LOOKED TO THE THOUSAND ZEALOTS OF MASADA: LOOKING DOWN, NORTH-WESTWARDS, FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE FORTRESS-ROCK OF MASADA ON THE SIEGE WALL AND TWO OF THE ROMAN CAMPS, WITH WHICH THE FORTRESS WAS FORCED IN A.D. 73.

Continued.]

The main work of the survey was, however, undertaken at the north end of the fortress, beyond the store-houses. Here two terraces in the cliff-face (Fig. 11) form, together with a building at the north tip of the rock, one building complex. In order to explore it, soundings were made exceeding those usual in a survey, and the results were most satisfactory, although, of course, no complete excavation was possible in the short time at our disposal. The whole north end of Masada was cut off from the store-houses by a retaining wall standing 12 ft. in its centre. The plastered outside of the wall slopes down at 30°. At its east side stood a bench which apparently served the Palace guards; the wall near it was covered with *graffiti* (Fig. 4) such as might have been scratched by soldiers during their idle

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 3. THE HUGE SIEGE MOUND—300 FT. HIGH—WHICH THE ROMANS THREW UP AGAINST THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE FORTRESS. ON TOP OF IT THEY BUILT A PLATFORM AND A TOWER AND, MOUNTING A BATTERING-RAM, FORCED A HOLE IN THE WALL OF THE FORTRESS.

THE SCENE OF THE LAST STAND OF THE JEWISH REVOLT IN A.D. 73; AND THE 300-FT.-HIGH SIEGE MOUND WITH WHICH THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES UNDER FLAVIUS SILVA BROKE A THREE-YEAR SIEGE.

HEROD'S PALACE AT MASADA, AND ISRAEL'S OLDEST MOSAIC PAVEMENTS.



FIG. 4 (ABOVE). ON A WALL ABOVE A BENCH AGAINST THE PALACE WALL: *GRAFFITI* SCRATCHED AS IT MIGHT BE BY SOLDIERS OF THE PALACE GUARD AT MASADA.

Continued. hours. The most elaborate design represents a palm-garden surrounded by a turreted wall, with a watch-tower in one corner and a gatehouse in the centre. A quantity of desiccated food-stuffs, mostly date-kernels, was found in front of the bench, as well as some remains of cloth and leather sandals. Behind this sloping wall were the foundations of a house, measuring 66 ft. by 33 ft. It was cleared sufficiently to establish its plan, which turned out to be somewhat unusual. Along its west and east walls were two groups of rooms, each consisting of a narrow passage and two larger rooms (18 by 12 ft.). All these were paved with black-and-white mosaics with geometric patterns

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 5. AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE ROCK—SEE FIG. 1: A NUMBER OF HOLES IN THE ROCK LEADING TO THE UNDERGROUND WATER CISTERNS.



FIG. 6. ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK OF MASADA: THE REMAINS OF THE COMPLEX OF STOREHOUSES WHICH HEROD BUILT TO ENABLE A GARRISON OF 1000 MEN TO WITHSTAND A CLOSE SIEGE OF ABOUT A YEAR. THERE ARE SIXTEEN LONG NARROW ROOMS.



FIG. 7. UNDOUBTEDLY THE EARLIEST MOSAICS TO BE FOUND IN ISRAEL: A BLACK-AND-WHITE PAVEMENT IN A GEOMETRIC PATTERN—ONE OF SEVERAL.



FIG. 8. THIS BLACK-AND-WHITE MOSAIC PAVEMENT, LIKE THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 7, IS ONE OF SEVERAL FOUND IN A HOUSE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE FORTRESS.

RIISING 1000 FT. FROM THE DEAD SEA PLAIN :
HEROD'S FORTRESS-PALACE OF MASADA.

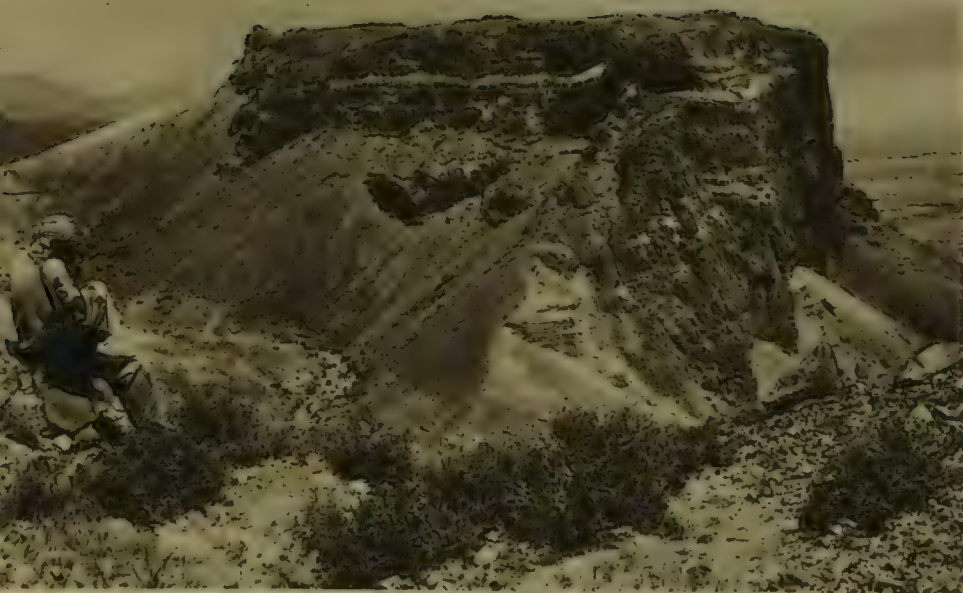


FIG. 9. THE SOUTHERN END OF THE FORTRESS ROCK OF MASADA. OWING TO THE CLOSE APPROACH OF TWO RAVINES, THE ROCK IS ALMOST ISOLATED AND RISES 1000 FT. FROM THE PLAIN. ON THE LEFT THE SIEGE MOUND (FIG. 3) CAN BE SEEN.

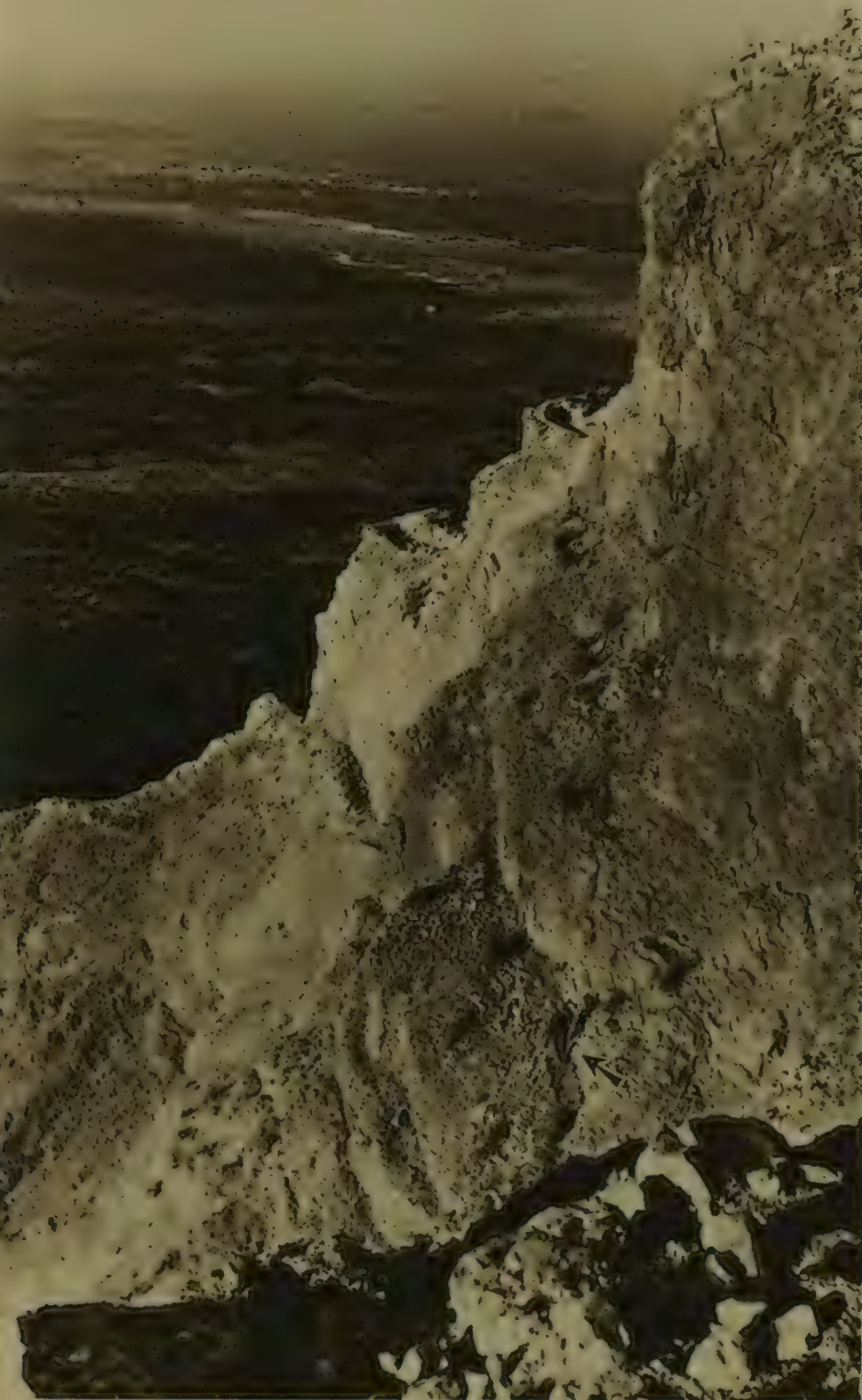


FIG. 11. THE NORTHERN END OF THE ROCK OF MASADA, SHOWING THE TERRACES WHICH CARRIED THE HALL AND TOWER. A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION (ARROWED) GIVES THE SCALE AND SHOWS THE LOCATION OF THE PATH.

Continued. resembling those in use in Italy in the first century B.C. (Figs. 7 and 8). These are undoubtedly the earliest mosaics found in Israel. Between the two groups of rooms was a passage, 6 ft. wide, shaped like the Greek letter Pi (π). It went round (on three sides) three small rooms (7 ft. square) which had one door each



FIG. 10. MEMBERS OF THE MASADA 1955 EXPEDITION ON THEIR WAY TO WORK—CLIMBING UP THE NARROW TRACK TO THE SUMMIT. THIS VIEW, SHOWING THE DEAD SEA IN THE DISTANCE, LOOKS TOWARDS EN-GEDI.



FIG. 12. THE TOPMOST SUMMIT OF THE ROCK. ABOVE THE PLASTERED PORTICO WALL, THE LOWER MAN STANDS ON THE TOWER WALL, THE UPPER ON THE SUMMIT TERRACE.

and a plastered pavement. In front of the house was a semi-circular terrace made by a filling of rough stones up to a retaining wall—a terrace which overhung the abrupt fall of the rock 70 ft. deep. [To be continued in a later issue.]



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE good people of Liverpool—and I doubt whether they all realise it—are among the fortunate few outside London to have a splendid picture gallery in their midst, the Walker Art Gallery, which houses a few masterpieces—among them a little gem by the Siene painter Simone Martini (1283-1344), worth on any computation about a thousand times its weight in gold, platinum, emeralds, or anything else you care to think of—and a great number of minor works of quality. I had recently an opportunity to look in for an hour at an exhibition of paintings which had been cleaned during the past few years, and found that the Director had taken the public into his confidence by issuing a catalogue containing a great deal of technical information about the problems of picture restoration (which seemed to me a model of its kind). How far the public is particularly interested in the technique of painting is another matter; I rather suspect that most visitors to a gallery want to look at the finished work without bothering their heads overmuch about its physical condition. All the same, for those whose curiosity went further, this was a fascinating show, and a great many must have gone away with an abiding impression of the difficulties which beset those responsible for preserving works of art from the ravages of time and for repairing the mistakes made by insensitive and ham-fisted restorers of the past who, be it said in their defence, had none of the modern apparatus of infra-red rays, etc., at their disposal.

Of the forty-one paintings in the exhibition, I choose (perhaps perversely) two which are of no particular importance but which are perhaps not familiar friends to everyone who glances at this page. To me, and I guess to many others, Jacob van Schuppen (1670-1751) was no more than an obscure name in a dictionary of painters; from henceforth I shall remember him with something like affection for his "Guitar Player," for in it I seem to detect a good deal more than just an elaborate costume-piece.

The first thing you notice about it is that the three figures appear to be uncommonly self-conscious, as if they are saying "Look what nice people we are and what fine clothes we can afford." How different to most of the Dutch pictures of the mid-seventeenth century in which the actors are busy about their affairs and are not in the least interested in the spectator! We are in a different world altogether; nor is this surprising, for the date is at the beginning of the eighteenth century and the painter was the son of Pieter Van Schuppen, a Flemish engraver, and one of the numerous colony from Flanders living in Paris. Jacob was born at Fontainebleau and his uncle was Nicolas de Largillière, the leading portrait-painter of the reign of Louis XIV.; he was therefore as French as makes no matter, inheriting the rather luscious pomposity of the *Grand Siècle* before a young man named

Watteau transferred it into lyrical poetry, and, like so many others of his kind, playing his part in spreading that dignified, if somewhat empty, style all over Europe; for men were painting much like this at about this time from Amsterdam to Vienna. True enough, the composition, so carefully thought out, is rather stiff, and the woman's left arm, so elegantly

posed over the base of the pillar, seems uncommonly long from shoulder to elbow, but the couple on the seat make a charming pair, and their female offspring, in a red dress which appears so incongruous to us, is dancing with delightful abandon. You feel you would like to know this little family well (which is more than I for one can say about some of the families provided for me by the B.B.C.), and, just in case you don't, Jacob has thrown in some really excellent still-life painting—the sheen of silk beautifully rendered, the viol and the tambourine on the left, the odd little dog on the stool,* and the silk stuff cascading down from it to the mouth-watering grapes and peaches on the floor.

The style, then, is French, and because it was French it was at this period international, for all eyes were turned to Paris. Jacob married in 1705, found the competition in Paris too strong for him, so looked about for opportunities abroad. He found congenial work at Lunéville in 1708, where the then Duke of Lorraine was building a palace, and then, in 1709 became court painter at Vienna to the Archduke Charles (later the Emperor Charles VI.). He had long since been a member of the French Académie Royale, an important professional asset in those days,

great masters every century or so, we are doing better than we deserve. Anyway, Jacob, thanks to the Walker Art Gallery, now ranks high in my esteem—or, if not in my esteem, in my affections.

The other picture is also by a minor man, but, for various reasons, is much better known. It is by Julius Caesar Ibbetson (1759-1817)—and what, I ask in parenthesis, induces parents to give their boys names like Julius Caesar? His landscapes will be more familiar than his few small-size portraits. Ibbetson, who abandoned Hull in 1777 to seek his fortune in London, is one of the many who spent weary years of drudgery working for picture dealers, and something of the bitterness he felt is revealed in a "message to Posterity," written in his own hand on a sheet of paper pasted to the back of this portrait. "This sketch of Hugh Mulligan, of Liverpool, the only one in being at the time, was taken unknown to him by his friend, Julius Ibbetson, on a coasting voyage between Hull and Leith while they were following the fortunes of an overbearing cruel

Tyrant"—the cruel tyrant being probably a certain Thomas Vernon, a provincial dealer for whom he worked. The sitter was described by the painter as "a little kind-hearted worthy man"; he was at one time a painter on china, then an engraver and book-seller, and the author of a book of poems.

The portrait is of special interest in its permanent home in the gallery for another reason; it was given by Ibbetson in 1803 to William Roscoe, still held in honour as Liverpool's greatest citizen, though many a man in the place has cut a far greater dash since then and has been forgotten. Roscoe (1753-1831) was the son of a publican and market gardener; he became a lawyer, taught himself Latin, Greek and some modern languages; wrote "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici" and "The Life and Pontificate of Leo X."; collected books and pictures; gave up his law practice; became a Member of Parliament and also partner in a bank. The bank failed in 1816, and Roscoe promptly sold his fine house, his library, pictures, drawings and engravings in a gallant attempt to put things right. A big full-length of William Roscoe, by

Sir Martin Archer Shee, hangs near this little Ibbetson. The figure of Hugh Mulligan is seen against a background of sea and sky in a feigned oval, surrounded by symbols of the arts in *grisaille*—a very pretty and effective way of filling in the corners.

* Italian greyhound?



THIS PORTRAIT OF HUGH MULLIGAN, OF LIVERPOOL, BY JULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON (1759-1817), WAS GIVEN BY THE ARTIST TO WILLIAM ROSCOE, ONE OF LIVERPOOL'S GREATEST CITIZENS. IT NOW HAS ITS PERMANENT HOME IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL. (Wood panel; 8 by 6½ ins.)



"THE GUITAR PLAYER"; BY JACOB VAN SCHUPPEN (1670-1751). THIS PAINTING, SHOWN HERE AFTER CLEANING, IS ONE OF THE FORTY-ONE WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION OF CLEANED PICTURES AT THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL. MR. DAVIS CONSIDERS IT, "A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN JUST AN ELABORATE COSTUME-PIECE." (Canvas; 34 by 46 ins.)

and in 1726 he was appointed Director of the Vienna Academy, which he reorganised on the French model. It is the fashion to dismiss the Van Schuppens and their kind as scarcely worth analysis, and it is true enough that they never scale the heights; I prefer to note their good qualities which, though modest, are many, knowing that if we come across one or two

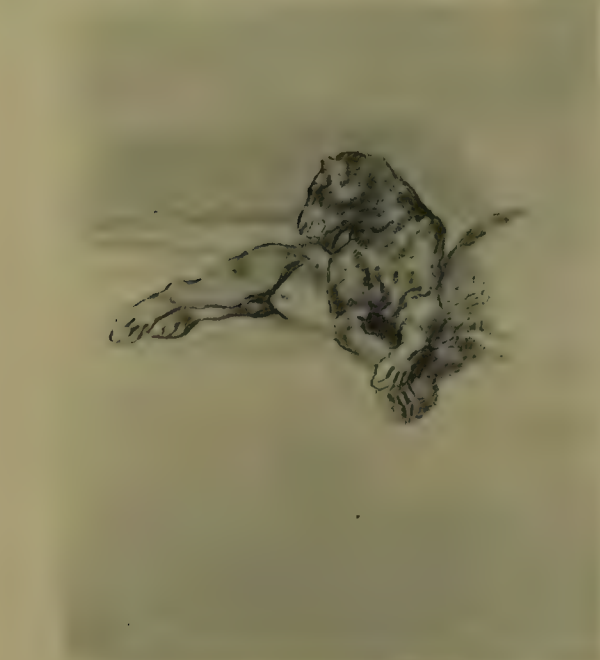
DELACROIX IN NEW ENGLAND COLLECTIONS: AN EXHIBITION AT HARVARD.



"DUTCH INTERIOR WITH A GROUP OF PEASANTS AROUND A FIREPLACE"; BY EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863). THIS IS ONE OF 46 WORKS BEING SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE FOGG ART MUSEUM. (Pencil on white paper; 9½ by 11½.) (Fogg Art Museum.)



"TWO LIONS RESTING." THIS WATER-COLOUR, DRAWN IN 1848, SHOWS DELACROIX'S APPRECIATION OF ANIMALS. WHILE TRAVELLING IN AFRICA IN 1832 HE MADE A CAREFUL STUDY OF WILD ANIMALS. (Water-colour; 10½ by 13½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum.)



"LIONESS RESTING" IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF DELACROIX'S DEEP KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMAL FORM. (Pencil on white paper; 3½ by 5½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum.)



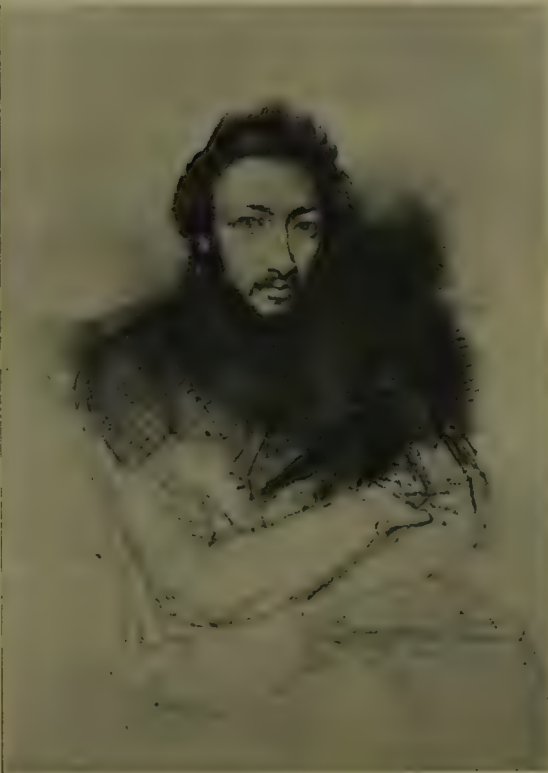
THIS DELICATE DRAWING IS A COPY OF HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF ANNE OF CLEVES, HENRY VIII.'S FOURTH WIFE. (Pencil on white paper; 6 by 5½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum.)



AN UNUSUAL STUDY OF A CAMEL. (Pencil and light washes on paper; 8½ by 5½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum, Meta and Paul J. Sachs Collection.)



"FRANCIS I. AND HIS MISTRESS" IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST WORKS IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Water-colour; 9½ by 6½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum, Meta and Paul J. Sachs Collection.)



"PORTRAIT OF FREDERIC VILLOT" IS AN AMAZINGLY POWERFUL DRAWING. (Black chalk and pencil on white paper; 13½ by 9½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum.)



"THE ACTRESS RACHEL IN PHEDRE"; SHOWING DELACROIX'S MASTERY OF BRUSH AND INK WORK. (Brush, India ink and sepia; 9½ by 5½ ins.) (Mr. Philip Hofer.)

An interesting exhibition entitled "Delacroix in New England Collections" has been arranged at the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The exhibition contains paintings, water-colours and drawings, most of which come from the Fogg Museum's own collection, though several other museums and private collectors have lent works. Ferdinand-Victor-Eugène Delacroix was born near Paris in 1798, the son of a high-ranking official of the Republic and First Empire. He early decided to study art, and carried

through his resolution despite the difficulties caused by his father's death. He entered the studio of Guérin, where Géricault was one of his fellow-pupils. Delacroix quickly took his place as one of the leaders of the Romantic School, which began to receive recognition and State patronage after the Revolution of 1830. Before his death in 1863 he had executed decorative schemes for many important public buildings in Paris. The exhibition at Harvard illustrates many of Delacroix's themes and moods.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN a recent article on this page (October 8), I told briefly of a visit which I paid to the island of South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides, in late September this year. An

unpromising subject, one might have thought, for an inveterate gardener to choose for an article on gardening, for gardens, as far as I could discover, were practically non-existent in the island. Fortunately, however, there were a few scattered attempts at gardening, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Lochboisdale itself, and these gave some indication of what can be grown in the difficult climatic conditions, and hints of many other things which almost certainly could be grown there.

Since my visit to South Uist, and since writing the article, "A Paradise Without Gardens," my thoughts have reverted many times to that enchanting island and especially to the problem of its almost gardenless state. Why are there so few gardens, and why so little apparent interest in flowers, vegetables, fruits—in fact, in horticulture generally?

I expect that the usual and immediate answer to this question would be wind. But I can not believe that wind alone, not even the Atlantic gales of South Uist, need cut out all possibility of successful gardening there. Another discouraging factor may be, in certain sections of the community, that the crofter's way of life is a hard one, leaving little leisure or treasure for such frills as gardening. On that point I am not in a position to judge.

Twice during my life my travels as a plant-collector have taken me to the Falkland Islands, and on both occasions the little town of Port Stanley and its surrounding country reminded me strongly of all that I had ever heard of Scotland's outer islands, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and the Outer Hebrides. Rocky, peaty, rainy, and very, very windy. It is said that the Falkland Islanders contract a special walk, leaning forward to battle with incessant wind. I can well believe it. It is said, too, that when they go across to the mainland of South America they can be recognised at once by this walk. I don't believe it. But it illustrates my point as to the terribly windy nature of the Falkland climate.

On visiting South Uist, on the other hand, I was reminded very strongly of the Falkland Islands—or rather of Port Stanley and its inland surroundings. But there was one big difference. In spite of South Atlantic gales, every house in Port Stanley, from Government House to the smallest, humblest corrugated-iron cottage, had its garden, and a large proportion of the houses and cottages had lean-to greenhouses built along their fronts. Primitive, home-made affairs many of them were, but all were gay with geraniums and fuchsias, ferns, succulents, cyclamens and endless other jolly parlour plants. The little gardens were fenced and hedged against the famous Falkland winds. The hedges were often of the native broad-leaved *Veronica elliptica*, a white-flowered species which is found also in New Zealand. The garden at Government House is surrounded by a high wall, and there I saw the only real tree in the island, a poplar which, at a height of about 12 ft., was sheered off flat at wall-top level by the prevailing wind. I saw a few poplars in South Uist, also about 12 ft. tall. They grew in gardens in Lochboisdale but without the immediate protection of a high wall.

I feel very sure that there might be just as good gardens in South Uist as there are in the Falklands,

SOUTH UIST AGAIN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

with gay flowers and a fair range of vegetables. In fact, in view of the nearness of the Gulf Stream and the resulting mildness of the climate, conditions would seem to be more favourable in South Uist than they are in the Falklands. Or less unfavourable, shall we say?

How, then, could gardening be carried out successfully in Uist? The first essential would undoubtedly be protection, shelter from wind and protection from sheep. I was told that the Hebridean sheep are capable of slipping through a keyhole. But there should be no difficulty about finding sheep-proof wire netting. No difficulty except that of expense. I saw miles of it on the island. Wire netting, however,

would be no use against wind. There would have to be a wind-break hedge, and for this purpose it is probable that the evergreen *Euonymus japonicus*, which is such a popular hedge plant in seaside places, would meet the case. I saw a huge bush of it near the hotel at Lochboisdale. It must have been well over 6 ft. tall, bushy, prosperous, and quite unharmed by the tremendous winds. And this gallant shrub is the easiest thing in the world to propagate from cuttings.

But given protection from sheep and wind—which really should not be too difficult—there would seem to be still one other obstacle in the way of gardening in South Uist—apathy and lack of interest. But that, I feel sure, might be overcome gradually, by example and by unobtrusive propaganda. Such a movement might come first from the doctor, the priest, the school-master or mistress, and perhaps a few of the local industrialists. If one or two gardens went all gay with flowers, and prosperous with vegetables, others would surely follow suit, and once the idea caught on that gardens could be well-hedged, trim, neat and gay, the fashion would surely spread, to the great benefit and pleasure of the whole community. Before many years there might even be a local horticultural society, with an annual flower show—flowers and vegetables, and a prize, or prizes, for the best-kept garden, or gardens, prizes for the best window-sill or room plants, and so on. A good lantern lecture by some true and sympathetic expert with a real understanding of the special difficulties and handicaps due to local conditions of soil and climate would doubtless be a great incentive.

But before anything else the problem of enclosing ground attached to houses would have to be tackled and solved, the problem of combined fencing and hedging. As things are now, there are hundreds of crofters' and other cottages, planked down among rock and heather, without the slightest protection from wind, sheep and cattle. They look as though they had sprung up as self-sown seedlings, just anyhow, anywhere. A track may lead to them from the nearest road. The countryside bristles with poles carrying electric cables. There are prospects, too, of piped water being provided. Surely some official assistance in the matter of fencing and hedging might be forthcoming, to the enormous benefit of the community in the matter of vegetables, and possibly even some fruits? I refuse to believe that flowers could not be grown to as great perfection in the gardens of South Uist as the famous wild flowers of the island. The whole countryside, I am told, is a fairy-land of wild flowers in summer, so why not the gardens too? There can surely be no reason why garden flowers, especially dwarf-growing kinds, should not flourish there. But before all else, there must be gardens, and then, after that, a campaign of example, encouragement, experiment, and friendly rivalry.

And why, you may ask, am I so concerned for the development of gardens in South Uist? Purely selfish reasons, I assure you. I have still to catch one of the famous big sea trout of South Uist, a specimen of really important weight and size. And who knows—I might return there one of these days to correct this grave omission. How pleasant it would be to find that a start has been made there in the matter of gardening; to be greeted by a few, homely, friendly, fragrant and colourful flowers.



IN SOUTH UIST "THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF CROFTERS' AND OTHER COTTAGES, PLANKED DOWN AMONG ROCK AND HEATHER, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST PROTECTION FROM WIND, SHEEP AND CATTLE": A TWO-STOREY LOCHBOISDALE HOUSE OF MODERN CONSTRUCTION.



"THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY HAD SPRUNG UP AS SELF-SOWN SEEDLINGS, JUST ANYHOW, ANYWHERE": A SOUTH UIST "BLACK HOUSE" WITH A MODERN WING TACKED ON TO IT.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1956 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas. Now is the time to take out subscriptions for the coming year. A card bearing a message from the donor will be sent to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time.

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PERSONALITIES AND
EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



DEATH OF SIR ARTHUR DU CROS:
FORMER PRESIDENT OF DUNLOPS.

Sir Arthur du Cros, Bt., died at his home in Hertfordshire on October 28, at the age of eighty-four. He joined his father and brothers in the newly founded Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company in 1892, and was a leading pioneer in the development of the pneumatic tyre, becoming President of the Dunlop Rubber Co. He was Conservative M.P. for Hastings from 1908-18 and for Clapham from 1918-22.



ABDICATED FROM THE THRONE OF
MOROCCO: MOHAMMED BEN ARAFA.

It was announced in Paris on October 30 that the Sultan of Morocco, Mohammed Ben Arafa, exiled recently to Tangiers, had abdicated, naming the deposed ex-Sultan Ben Youssef as his rightful successor. Ben Arafa was enthroned on August 21, 1953, at the behest of El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, who has recently announced his support for Ben Youssef.



THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER TO
HUNGARY: MR. L. A. C. FRY.

Mr. Leslie Alfred Charles Fry has been appointed as British Minister to Hungary, in succession to Mr. G. P. Labouchere, who has recently been appointed Ambassador in Brussels. Mr. Fry, who is forty-seven, has formerly been Head of the Eastern Department of the Foreign Office. He entered the Foreign Service in 1947, having served with the Indian Political Service.



WINNER OF AN AMERICAN JUMPING CHAMPION-
SHIP: MR. W. R. BALLARD.

Mr. W. R. Ballard, seen here holding the General Guy V. Henry Trophy, was the winner of the Individual Open event of the International Competition at the Pennsylvania Horse Show. Mr. Ballard was captaining the Canadian equestrian team.



APPOINTED TO A NEW DEFENCE POST:
SIR WILLIAM DICKSON.

Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William Dickson has been appointed chairman of the Chiefs of Staff committee, a new post announced by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on October 25. Sir William Dickson, who is fifty-five, has been Chief of the Air Staff since January 1953. The creation of such a post has been widely advocated in recent years, though the decision to have an independent chairman is a recent one.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF:
AIR MARSHAL SIR DERMOT BOYLE.

At the same time as announcing the new appointment for Sir William Dickson the Prime Minister announced that Air Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle would succeed him as Chief of the Air Staff. Sir Dermot Boyle, who is fifty-three, has been A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command, since April 1953. He is an experienced pilot of jet bombers and fighters, and is expected to make a tour of R.A.F. stations overseas, before taking up his new post.

SOME PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.



M.P. FOR TORQUAY FOR THIRTY YEARS:
THE LATE MR. C. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Charles Williams, who had been Conservative M.P. for Torquay since 1924, died on October 28 at the age of sixty-nine. With a break of only two years he had been a Member of Parliament since 1918. In 1943 he was appointed Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means, and two years later Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker, until the Labour Government took office.



NOMINATED AS BISHOP OF BRAD-
FORD: DR. FREDERICK D. COGGAN.

The Rev. Frederick Donald Coggan, D.D., Principal of the London College of Divinity and Macneil Professor of Biblical Exegesis since 1944, has been nominated for election as Bishop of Bradford in place of the Rt. Rev. Alfred W. F. Blunt, who resigned on October 31. Dr. Coggan, who is forty-seven, was a professor at Wycliffe College, Toronto, from 1937-1944.



TO BE BISHOP OF WORCESTER:
THE REV. L. M. CHARLES-EDWARDS.

The Rev. Lewis Mervyn Charles-Edwards, Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, since 1948, and Chaplain to the Queen, has been nominated for election as Bishop of Worcester in place of the late Rt. Rev. William Wilson Cash. He is fifty-three, and was Vicar of Newark-on-Trent from 1944-48. He was a member of the Commission on Church and State in 1951.

"I HAVE BEEN STRENGTHENED BY THE UNFAILING SUPPORT AND
DEVOTION OF GROUP CAPTAIN TOWNSEND."

In a personal message on Oct. 31 Princess Margaret announced that she had decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend. Group Captain Townsend, who has been in this country on leave, is at present Air Attaché at Brussels. Commissioned into the R.A.F. in 1935, he had a most distinguished war record. Equerry to King George VI. from 1944-52, Deputy Master of H.M. Household in 1950, from 1952-53 he served as Equerry to the Queen.



APPOINTED LUXEMBOURG
AMBASSADOR IN LONDON:
M. ANDRÉ CLASEN.

Following the elevation of the British and Luxembourgian diplomatic missions to embassies, M. André Clasen, who has represented the Grand Duchy in London as Chargé d'Affaires since 1944, presented his credentials as Ambassador to the Queen on October 27. M. Clasen is forty-nine.



THE NEW AMBASSADOR OF THE
LEBANON:
M. IBRAHIM EL-AHDAB.

His Excellency Monsieur Ibrahim El-Ahdab, the new Ambassador of the Lebanon, presented his letters of credence at Buckingham Palace on October 28. He has lately been the Lebanese Minister in Bern. Before joining the Diplomatic Service M. El-Ahdab was a civil engineer.



AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE SHOT DEAD BY HIS WIFE:
MR. WILLIAM WOODWARD, JUNIOR.

In the early morning of Sunday, October 30, Mrs. Woodward was awakened by a noise outside her bedroom, and seizing a shotgun she fired twice at a movement near her husband's doorway. She immediately realised that she had shot her husband. Mr. Woodward was a prominent American racehorse owner and sportsman. The Woodwards had been troubled by prowlers, and the death was being treated as "accidental, pending further investigation."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A FOX SEES RED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FEW days after *Foxie* arrived, back in the spring, he was taken, then a very young cub, for exercise into that part of the garden we call the Sanctuary. As soon as he was put on to the ground he would set off with an air of determination and seeming purpose, as if he knew precisely where he was going and what he wanted to do. This appearance may have been partly delusory. Penguins will walk across the snow as if on urgent business, then suddenly stop and walk back whence they came with equal determination and purpose. However, it was during *Foxie's* first peregrinations that he saw the guinea-pigs, from a distance of some 12 ft. Suddenly electrified, he made a bee-line for their pen, trilling in a most excited manner, and endeavoured to get through the wire to them. The whole time he was calling with this almost bird-like trill as he tried to force his muzzle through the meshes of the wire, or bite his way through, scrabbling at the wire with tooth and claw. It was pathetic to watch this infantile eagerness. There was no doubt that the cub wanted overwhelmingly to be in with the guinea-pigs, but, because of his juvenile purposefulness, we were a little afraid of the result if we permitted this. I have since regretted we were not more bold and that we did not try the experiment of letting fox and guinea-pig make closer acquaintance.

The colour of the three guinea-pigs is light sandy, light sandy with white patches and a more reddish sandy, respectively. Thereby hangs at least part of this tale.

The following day my daughter decided that since the fox was now part of our *ménage*, he should be introduced to the dog and the cats. First, he was introduced across wire-netting to *Jason*, the mastiff-like boxer half-breed. Friendship was immediate, they stood nose to nose, both with tails wagging violently, eagerness and pleasure showing in every movement of the body, the cub trilling wildly all the time. The next to be introduced was the older of the two cats, jet black without any markings. Hostility was immediate, the cub put his ears back, bared his

finally, barked once in his babyish despair. My next point concerns more precisely this bark. On both occasions there was little, if any, difference in the bark. Yet the one expressed something near despair, the other expressed hostility and defiance. So to my third point, that *Foxie* has met both cats many times since, across wire-netting. Always he shows curiosity as they approach. As soon as either comes within a foot or two, he sets his ears back, opens his mouth wide to bare the teeth, and trills. As time passes, his reaction is becoming less violent, but he has never taken to them. With *Jason* it is the reverse; he never sees him without becoming wildly excited, and he always trills. My fourth point, therefore, concerns this trill.



CONDESCENSION ON THE ONE SIDE AND PLAYFULNESS ON THE OTHER: A CLOSE BUT SOMEWHAT UNEVEN FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A DOG AND A FOX.

time wears on, somewhat condescendingly. So we have posed the question: Did *Foxie* go frantic over the guinea-pigs for the same reason that he has become so devoted to *Jason*? Is it because both are sandy, and is this an innate, if distorted, recognition of something resembling his own kith and kin? If the answers could be shown to be in the affirmative we should need to suppose that a fox has a fairly good colour-vision.

Whether dogs have a colour-vision is still undecided. The scientist is inclined to say "No." Dog-owners are not so sure, and neither am I. Having listened to many dog-owners' stories and collected a few first-hand observations, I am still of an open mind. Anatomical and histological examination may favour the no-colour-vision school, but then I recall how experiments have shown a rudimentary colour-discrimination in hedgehogs. Yet examination of the minute structure of a hedgehog's eye shows that no cones are present, and theoretically there should be no colour-vision.

At all events, we have tried *Foxie* with other objects coloured sandy to red. The best result was obtained with a sandy-red hand puppet of a monkey. My elder son tried this on *Foxie*, keeping the puppet moving in a lifelike manner. The first time it was tried, the fox showed something of the eagerness he had evidenced towards the guinea-pigs and *Jason*. This soon died down, however, and on future occasions produced little result. Perhaps to judge this adequately I should relate another incident.

I had been writing late one evening. When at last I had finished, I looked across the room to where *Jason* was asleep in his chair, with head resting on the arm of the chair. He looked so dignified and charming that I was drawn to go across and stroke him affectionately and for some time. After this, I walked into the garden to enjoy the starlit night before going to bed. Hearing the rustle of foliage in *Foxie's* compound, I went over, calling him softly by name. As usual, he ran away at my approach, then slowly came back to the



JASON AND FOXIE: ALTHOUGH FOXIE IS FRIENDLY TO ALL-COMERS, HE RESERVES HIS GREATEST SHOW OF AFFECTION FOR THE DOG, AT WHOSE APPROACH HE BECOMES WILDLY EXCITED IN A WAY WHICH NO OTHER BEING CAN EVOKE, UNLESS IT IS ALSO SANDY OR RED IN COLOUR.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

teeth, and again trilled. The cat fled. In the hope that she might have more success with the second cat, younger and more vigorous, though fully-grown of course, my daughter introduced it to the cub. This cat is black-and-white. Gently though the meeting was arranged, the result differed in two particulars only: the cub barked and this cat fled even more precipitately—if that were possible.

Several interesting features follow from this. In the first place, this was only the second time in our eight months' experience of him that *Foxie* has barked. The first occasion was the day he arrived when, hungry after his journey and finding himself among a group of human ignoramuses who knew nothing about feeding young foxes, he grew desperate. This I have already described on this page, how he trilled and trilled, then began to whine piteously and,

As I say, I have heard the bark twice only, so it would be idle to argue whether it was the same on both occasions. The trilling I have heard on many occasions and expressing many moods, and I have deliberately tried to detect a difference. So far I have failed. The question arises for me, therefore, whether it is always the same, the mood being expressed more especially by the attitude taken up and the animal's general bearing, or whether there are subtle differences in tone or quality which only those with acute hearing can detect. Certainly, to my ear, there is no perceptible difference between the trill of despair, the trill of defiance or the trill of wild ecstasy when *Jason* appears.

We have often discussed this attachment of the fox for the dog, which is certainly stronger on the part of the fox, the dog accepting the display of affection phlegmatically, tolerantly and, especially as



THE HEIGHT OF FRIENDSHIP: JASON IN FOXIE'S PEN HELPS HIMSELF TO A TREASURED BONE, WHILE HIS SMALL FRIEND LOOKS ON IN AN ATTITUDE SUGGESTING SOMETHING NEAR TO ADORATION. THE FOX AND DOG IN THIS INSTANCE TOOK TO EACH OTHER ON THEIR FIRST INTRODUCTION, AND THIS MAY HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED, SO FAR AS THE FOX IS CONCERNED, BY THE DOG'S SANDY COAT.

wire, with muzzle extended, to identify me as usual by smelling my hands. *Foxie* went wild with delight. He trilled and danced about excitedly, licking my hands as never before. Of course, he smelt *Jason* on them.

It may have been pure coincidence that this one fox should be attracted so markedly to one animal or object after another, the colour of which is near that of his own tribe. The observations we have made are too few to be significant. On the other hand, his first approach to a sandy-red puppet lacking animal smell, and the wild excitement engendered by *Jason's* scent-ghost on my hands, suggest something more positive on the relation between a fox's use of sight and smell. This can be expressed broadly as sight for rough identification, but smell for making certain, and for firm establishment and attachment.



SURFACING DURING MANŒUVRES IN THE ATLANTIC, DURING WHICH SHE CARRIED OUT MOCK TORPEDO ATTACKS ON SURFACE SHIPPING: THE FIRST ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE, THE U.S. NAVY'S NAUTILUS.

THE ATLANTIC TRIAL OF AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE, AND VARIED ITEMS FROM FIVE COUNTRIES.



TRANSFERRING FROM NAUTILUS TO THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER LETTE DURING THE ATLANTIC MANŒUVRES: A NAVAL OFFICER IN A METAL CAGE ATTACHED TO A HAWSER. In August the world's first atomic-powered submarine, the U.S. Navy's Nautilus, took part in a strenuous trial in the Atlantic against powerful anti-submarine forces. The United States expects to have eight atomic-powered submarines in commission or under construction by the end of this year.



A GESTURE OF REGRET FOR THE TURKISH ANTI-GREEK RIOTS: THE TURKISH MINISTER OF COMMUNICATIONS, MR. TSAOUSOGLOU (CENTRE), HOISTING THE GREEK FLAG OVER THE NEW CONSULATE PREMISES IN ISMIR.



SEIZED BY A FRENCH COURT: THE BRITISH BARGE, WILL EVERARD, WHICH, ABANDONED IN THE CHANNEL, COLLIDED ON OCTOBER 23 WITH A FRENCH TRAWLER, HENRI JACQUES, AND SANK HER. THE FRENCH CREW CLIMBED ON BOARD THE BARGE, SECURED A TOW, AND WERE RESCUED. THE FRENCH TRAWLER CREW LATER CLAIMED SALVAGE RIGHTS.



HERR VON PAPEN, ONCE GERMAN CHANCELLOR AND HITLER'S AMBASSADOR IN VIENNA, BEING WELCOMED AT WALLERFANGEN, IN SAARLAND. UNTIL OCTOBER 24 (AFTER THE SAAR REFERENDUM) HE HAD BEEN FORBIDDEN ENTRY INTO SAARLAND.



A GERMAN "CARDBOARD TANK": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE GERMAN FRONTIER FORCE, IN BEING BUT NOT YET FULLY EQUIPPED AND USING SIMULATED ARMoured VEHICLES.



TO BE DEDICATED THIS MONTH: A FORTRESS-LIKE MEMORIAL TO THE MEN OF THE AFRIKA KORPS, BUILT IN THE DESERT, NEAR TOBRUK.

The immense memorial to men of the Afrika Korps who were killed in the Western Desert during the Second World War is due to be dedicated on November 20. The fortress-like structure, near Tobruk, is said to have cost £120,000 and to harbour the bones of some 6000 of Rommel's men, collected in a three-year search of German desert graves.



THE DAWN OF THE AGE OF MAMMALS: SOME TYPICAL ANIMALS WHICH PROBABLY

To the ordinary reader the mention of fossil reptiles connotes strange and gigantic animals, part of an awe-inspiring dynasty that passed away without living descendants and known only through the record of the rocks. Yet many of the most important reptiles of the past were small, and though they might be unfamiliar if we were to see them alive to-day, they would not appear to be grotesque, or without resemblances to more ordinary forms of life. Animals have changed in habits and habitats, in density of population, and the backgrounds of plant life and of topography and climate have all changed with the passing of the centuries. Nowhere is this seen more strikingly than in the Karroo, the inland and elevated plains of the Cape Province

of South Africa. Though now it is often dry and uninviting, it once sustained a great population of reptiles and Dr. Robert Broom, who elucidated the features of so many of them, stated that somewhere within the great geological formation now called Karroo (and not confined to Cape Province) there were the fossilised remains of some 800,000,000 animals. To illustrate some of the trends of such a vast concourse needs rigorous selection, so our artist, Mr. Neave Parker, has confined himself to a few characteristic forms that lived about 200,000,000 years ago when the first mammals had but recently been evolved from the mammal-like reptiles. Dominating our artist's drawing (top, left) is the large, tusked *Kannemeyeria*, about

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



ROAMED THE SOUTH AFRICAN KARROO ABOUT TWO HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO.

6 ft. long; to the right of this is a group of the closely-related but smaller *Dicynodon*. These animals are thought to have fed on marshland vegetation, in the mastication of which, the tusks played no part for the jaws were sheathed in a horny covering rather like that of a turtle. The twin tusks seem to have been the only teeth, and even they were restricted to the males. On the right, emerging from the water, is a specialised *Dicynodon*, *Lystrosaurus*, of amphibious habits. The two animals shown in the left foreground are more advanced reptiles known as *Cynognathus*. These were predators, with teeth adapted as incisors, canines, premolars and molars and with an advanced development of the palate. They varied in size from that

of a Pekinese to a wolf and would be formidable and sometimes swift aggressors. But their anatomy shows significant advances from that of the *Dicynodonts* and is much more mammal-like. On the lower right of the picture are several *Tritylodon* individuals in which these advances had continued and in which most of the mammalian bony characters had been attained. Indeed, it is likely that their physiology was similarly advanced, with a warm-blooded circulation, and consequently a hairy coat. The opossums (shown on the boughs, centre foreground) are examples of a typical "primitive" mammal and are shown here for comparison, being perhaps akin to the next reptile-mammal stage.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AT the moment I find it hard to focus upon everyday life. Ch'en Miao-ch'ang is being rowed down the river in search of P'an Pi-cheng (that is towards the end of the sixteenth century). Meng Hai-Kung's men are somersaulting over the walls of the fort on Yentang mountain (this is the sixth century). And Beauty, Bluebeard and Puss-in-Boots have gone to sleep within the magic circle in Beauty's castle—call it 1355, if you like, but it is in the timeless world of fairy-tale where the calendar means nothing.

After this, the day's normal traffic is spectral. It will not be easy to return to straightforward comedy, routine fun and games. Perhaps it is just as well that we are soon to have the Old Vic's "Winter's Tale": it will help to sustain the mood of once-upon-a-time.

My first enchantments this week are Chinese; presented by what is called alarmingly the Classical Theatre of the People's Republic of China. We have been apt to think of Chinese drama in terms of such an entertainment as "Lady Precious Stream." This is a pleasure, of course; but, as staged by Western actors, we feel that—in spite of all S. I. Hsiung's loving care—it can merely hint at the real thing. Now, at the Palace we are getting a true idea of what the real thing can be: a look at an ancient theatre (of extraordinary conventions) served by a cast that, in a remark quoted by Miles Malleon, the English commentator, has been rehearsing not for a few weeks, but for many centuries. It is a theatre of tradition, and magnificent it is: we can appreciate that, even though we are not properly acclimatised.

What we get at the Palace is a mixed programme of opera, mime and ballet. I think first of the miming. The night begins with "Where Three Roads Meet," an episode—we are told—from a folk-tale which has been current since the fourteenth century, though the present "operatic" piece dates from the nineteenth. We see, very simply, a long fight in the dark between two persons—an officer and an innkeeper—neither of whom knows the other's identity. The timing is fantastic. The two fighters are always missing each other by the thinnest of hair-lines; I have never watched a more intricate and more skilfully performed manœuvre.

It is its very intricacy, no doubt, that reminds me by contrast of a rather less skilful combat between the two Crummles boys. You remember: "Then the chopping recommenced, and a variety of fancy chops were administered on both sides; such as chops dealt with the left hand, and under the leg, and over the right shoulder, and over the left; and when the short sailor made a vigorous cut at the tall sailor's legs, which would have shaved them clean off if it had taken effect, the tall sailor jumped over the short sailor's sword, wherefore to balance the matter and make all fair, the tall sailor administered the same cut, and the short sailor jumped over his sword." They order those matters more subtly in China.

Here I should observe that the whole of this Chinese fight in the dark is performed in a full blaze of light on the open Palace stage: with so much effect that we feel the night is bitumen-black and greet with relief the arrival of a candle.

There is a similar hypnotic power in the miming of "Autumn River." An old man and a girl, on the same bare stage, persuade us that they are travelling downstream in a fast boat. We look instinctively for the splashing. At the première, as the mimes bobbed up and down gravely, we felt like calling to them to stop rockin' the

boat—anything might happen. What else? Very much. The scene, for example, in which, after a fight in a lake (bare stage again), the invading army forces a mountain stronghold. The scene in which the Monkey King defeats the generals. The lovely lotus dance—a lotus symbolises youth and beauty and yearning for happiness—in which the dancers sway like lotuses on the ruffled water and the stage seems to shimmer as we watch. The dance of victory, with its unfurling

of saffron scarves—and so through a programme of extraordinary fascination.

A note in the souvenir has said it all: "Unaided by elaborate scenery . . . and making no attempt to appear like people caught in the stream of ordinary life . . . the actors mount the stage. And suddenly stage and audience are held entranced by figures beautiful and grotesque, painted and exquisite, singing, miming, dancing, performing acrobatics, whirling with sword and spear, conveying shades of meaning with delicate gestures, and distilling human actions and making of them something infinitely poignant and graceful." One can suspect a programme note, but it is plain that Mr. P. Townsend's essay is no less than the truth about this astonishing synthesis of song and dance, acting and music.

There is no need for a novice to worry too much about the classical conventions of make-up and costume, though it must be the more exciting when one has mastered them all, and learned, say, to recognise that the superb figure with the four flags and the pheasant plumes is a general, that a face painted red denotes loyalty and courage, that when a right hand lifts a left sleeve to the eye the actor is brushing tears away, and so on. Even if you have not the key to these things, do not fret: the evening is no less rare and rewarding.

"Beauty in the Wood" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre) is similarly out of this age, though the characters are more familiar to us. No dragon-

general here, no monkey kings; simply Beauty and Bluebeard and Puss-in-Boots. You may ask what they are all doing in the same play. The fact is that Jules Supervielle, whose "La Belle aux Bois" has been adapted with charm by Lucienne Hill, has made his own lyrical-fantastic union of the stories. What happens in Beauty's castle has not much relation to the book, though it is always on the point of becoming familiar.

It takes a lot to keep this kind of fancy going without strain, and I have to admit that Supervielle's piece weakens in the middle. His very Gallic Baron Bluebeard, that spoilt child, women-obsessed, who is overcome by the innocence of Beauty, gets repetitive, and it is a tough fight for Kenneth Mackintosh, the actor. But Mr. Mackintosh can conquer the part and come up handsomely in a third act which redeems the piece and is a queerly touching fragment of moonstruck invention. Prince Charming, in his tweed jacket (the date is the autumn of 1955), has forced the Sleeping Beauty's castle—they have been at rest there, Beauty, Puss and Bluebeard, for six centuries—and he can even produce the book of the words to show Beauty what she is expected to do. The modern world is hateful; she refuses to linger in it. All three—while the Prince goes regretfully—settle down to sleep themselves back into the legendary past of the story-books.

This scene can move us. It is the making of Supervielle's play, and Lucienne Hill, we feel, has treated it with proper delicacy. There could not be a Beauty more appealing than Doreen Aris, the young actress whose work at Birmingham gives every promise of a remarkable future. While we watch this Beauty, and listen to her, we are conscious of other and more famous figures of the drama that wait to be reborn at Miss Aris's command. I need hardly say that the production by Douglas Seale, and the setting (Paul Shelving's), are most accurately in key. This is a golden world.



"UGO BETTI'S PLAY, LAID IN AN UNNAMED FRONTIER TOWN AT A REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD": "THE QUEEN AND THE REBELS" (HAYMARKET), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH ARGIA (IRENE WORTH) IS SEEN, CENTRE, HOLDING THE BODY OF ELISABETTA (GWENDOLINE WATFORD).



"THERE COULD NOT BE A BEAUTY MORE APPEALING THAN DOREEN ARIS, THE YOUNG ACTRESS WHOSE WORK AT BIRMINGHAM GIVES EVERY PROMISE OF A REMARKABLE FUTURE": BEAUTY (DOREEN ARIS) AND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER (NANCIE JACKSON; LEFT) IN A SCENE FROM "BEAUTY IN THE WOOD" (BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE), WHICH IS ADAPTED FROM JULES SUPERVIELLE'S LYRICAL FANTASY, "LA BELLE AUX BOIS."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

CLASSICAL THEATRE OF CHINA (Palace).—Now, with Miles Malleon as urbane introducer, the remarkable players of the Classical Theatre of China mime, somersault, dance, and act their way through an evening of extraordinary surprises. In their different ways, the Lotus Dance and the opening mime—that fight in the dark upon a stage fully lit—will remain with me as the kind of exotic theatrical experiences one meets very seldom. (October 24.)

"BEAUTY IN THE WOOD" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre).—Lucienne Hill, whose translations from the French are always impressive, has here adapted Jules Supervielle's lyrical fantasy, "La Belle aux Bois." It has two good acts, its first and third, and a disappointing middle. The play can rest for us upon the mingled fun and wistfulness of the last scene when the Sleeping Beauty, to escape from modern "civilisation," sleeps again, with Bluebeard and Puss-in-Boots at her side. Doreen Aris is an entrancing Beauty; and Douglas Seale (producer) and Paul Shelving (designer) have seen to it that the play has every imaginative opportunity. (October 25.)

"THE QUEEN AND THE REBELS" (Haymarket).—Ugo Betti's play, laid in an unnamed frontier town at a revolutionary period; Irene Worth heads the cast. I will return to it next week. (October 26.)

HIGH AND RECORD PRICES FOR GREEK COINS, RACEHORSES AND LIPPIZANERS IN THE NEWS.



BOUGHT BY THE IRISH NATIONAL STUD FOR £108,000 AS A REPLACEMENT FOR TULYAR: THE FRENCH STALLION VIMY, WHO WON THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES.

(RIGHT.) SOLD BY THE IRISH NATIONAL STUD TO THE CLAIREBORNE STUD OF AMERICA FOR £240,000: THE FAMOUS STALLION TULYAR, WINNER OF THE 1952 DERBY AND ST. LEGER.

In 1953 the Irish National Stud paid the record price for a racehorse of £250,000 for Tulyar, the Aga Khan's stallion, which had won £77,661 16s. in stake money, a record for the British turf. He has now been sold for £240,000 to Mr. A. B. Hancock, Jr., of the famous Claireborne Stud in the U.S.A., and will leave Ireland next year after his third season at stud. In his place the Irish National Stud have bought from M. Pierre Wertheimer, the French stallion Vimy, who won the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot this July. Both stallions are in the direct male line from St. Simon.



HIGH AND RECORD PRICES FOR GREEK COINS AT A RECENT SALE; (I.) A GOLD ONE-THIRD STATER OF METAPONTUM—PERSEPHONE AND AN EAR OF BEARDED WHEAT, £2100; (II.) A TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE, BY KIMON, 412 B.C.—QUADRIGA AND ARETHUSA WITH DOLPHINS, £2400; (III.) A TETRADRACHM OF CATANA, 460 B.C.—A MAN-HEADED BULL AND NIKE, £1800; (IV.) A TETRADRACHM OF LEONTINI, AFTER THE CARTHAGINIAN DEFEAT OF 479 B.C.—QUADRIGA AND APOLLO, £2200; (V.) THE SAME AS II., BUT STRUCK FROM DIFFERENT DIES, £1800; (VI.) A TETRADRACHM OF CATANA BY HERACLEIDAS, 405 B.C.—APOLLO AND A QUADRIGA, £1000. (ALL COINS REPRODUCED ACTUAL SIZE.)

The four-day sale (October 25-28) of the late Mr. R. C. Lockett's collection of Greek coins at Glendining's, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, W.1, ended with an aggregate of £59,000. On October 26 the record price for a single coin (£2000) was broken when the Metapontum one-third stater (I.) fetched £2100. On

October 27 this record was beaten when a Leontini tetradrachm (IV.) reached £2200; and on October 28 this was broken when Dr. Cahn gave £2400 for a Syracuse tetradrachm (II.), one of the most beautiful coins ever minted. The three other coins also reproduced above all reached four figures.



RETURNED TO THEIR OLD HOME AFTER TEN YEARS OF "EXILE": SOME OF THE LIPPIZANER HORSES OF THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL, BACK IN VIENNA FROM WELS, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SINCE 1945.



COLONEL ALOIS PODHASKY, DIRECTOR OF THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL, EXERCISING ONE OF THE LIPPIZANER HORSES, AFTER THE RETURN OF THE SCHOOL TO VIENNA.

The famous Spanish Riding School of Vienna, which was founded in the eighteenth century and housed in the winter riding school of the Hofburg, was removed from Vienna in March 1945, before the entry of the Red Army into the city. It was kept intact under the patronage of the late General Patton, of the U.S. Army, who also arranged for the school's stud to be brought back from Bohemia to Piber, in Styria. On October 11, after ten years of exile, some forty-eight of the famous Lippizaner horses were brought back from Wels to their old home; and their first performance in Vienna was arranged for October 30.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

FICTION has more than one variety of suspense. The normal, surface kind has to be worked up; all we can say in advance is that we *hope* to feel it. But there is quite another kind, with which some writers have a way of infecting one *a priori*. It is a feature of the novelist, not of the plot, and carries over from book to book. And though exciting to undergo, it is not comfortable. "The Perfect Woman," by L. P. Hartley (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), like every other work by this past master of a peculiar kind of tension, seems to be lying in wait for one—offering an elegant moral game of cat and mouse, with the reader as a super-mouse.

There may also be a radiance, a divine shimmer; it comes and goes, and it is never generated by a grown-up. Here we have two children—but not the poetry. This is one of Mr. Hartley's prose works; but on the other hand, it is fantastically ingenious, and absolutely soaked in irony. The leading figures are a respectable, "suburban" husband and wife. No one could be more devoutly bourgeois than Harold Eastwood, or have higher principles than Isabel. They live in a small town on the South Coast, in unimpassioned harmony, with everything mediocre about them; for Harold's ideal is to be indistinguishable from other people. Isabel is a "great reader," and sometimes years—but she is not a Mme. Bovary; she doesn't mean to break out.

Then Harold runs into Alec Goodrich—a big, tweedy, anomalous-looking man, travelling first-class with a third-class ticket. And they get chatting about income tax. Alec turns out to be a novelist, learns that he has been missing opportunities of "relief," and promptly begs Harold to take over. More, he begins sending him clients. To Isabel, this is already a thrill; but it is far more wonderful when he comes down to Marshport for a week-end. Therewith, all her immortal longings crystallise. But Marshport is so flat, so petty-bourgeois—will he ever come back? Harold won't care if he doesn't; Isabel can't see why he should. And yet there is a lure; there is the sweet little Austrian barmaid at the Green Dragon. Ever since his return to Wales, Alec has been quietly plaguing Harold to "find out about Irma," to "get hold of Irma"—always with a hint of clients to come. At last the correct Harold tells his wife. And the correct, high-thinking Isabel is all for it. It would be so healing to poor Alec, so good for his art, probably such a fine thing for the girl—

So they set out to "procure" Irma. The minutiae are highly formal and symbolic. Isabel is pursued by warnings: the rumble of the bridge crossed "at one's own risk," the children's game, with its recurrent cry of "Janice, go back." Indeed, these children are symbolic properties—especially the odious, clairvoyant little Janice with her doll Pamela. They are not quite successful; and perhaps the real Pamela is too sweet to be lifelike. And one could pick out other flaws. Whereas one can't suggest the intricate, inimitable and alarming quality of the whole fabric.

OTHER FICTION.

"Draughts in the Sun," by Richard Parker (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has a rather perverse title; nothing to do with currents of air, and not very illuminating when you get the point. And of course it can't compete with Mr. Hartley's unique slyness. But in a lighter way, it is equally "ungroovy" and unpredictable. The Eastwoods got on only too well; but if Mr. and Mrs. Molly can be said to get on, it is in the style of cross-talk comedians or sparring partners. And Molly has to lose every round. He is efficient and clear-minded; so he has been jockeyed into the character of a pedantic, irritable old bore, and can't help living up to it. While Mrs. Molly floats round, vague and eccentric, "half-way between Mrs. Darling and the White Queen," stealing the laughs.

Though as the younger boy observes: "Dad and Mum don't row much, as a rule; they're just beastly to one another." It seems a lifelong pattern; but it is shifted, on the last day of a summer holiday. Bercombe is already hibernating, and the boys are going straight back to school. Tempers are frayed; and an acquaintance—not a visitor—happens to mention Mrs. Kindness and her "queer little tragedy." For reasons private to Andrew Molly, this is the last straw. And he takes flight into the past: to the moment when he strained his back, and was found by old Toby the beachcomber, and fell in love with Ella Kindness. . . .

It is a jump from domestic comedy into domestic melodrama. And it is not at all his cup of tea; but he emerges fresh and new, with a new daughter. Mr. Parker is excellent at children of all ages. This book is full of them; and of family atmospheres, and lively, genuine human beings.

"Caroline Matilda," by G. V. Blackstone (Heinemann; 15s.), retells the story of George III.'s youngest sister, who was married at fifteen to her diminutive cousin the King of Denmark. Christian VII. was the most absolute king in Europe. He was also the smallest, and most debauched; and at seventeen he was approaching physical and mental breakdown. Matilda's first years with him were horrible. And then he fell under the influence of a German doctor named Struensee: a free-thinker and lady-killer, and a disciple of Rousseau and Voltaire. The Queen began by disliking him; but soon he was her idol, and the virtual ruler of Denmark, which he proceeded to reorganise from top to bottom. The last act was a palace revolution, under the King's stepmother. It was Struensee who broke down and confessed adultery, while the young girl behaved superbly; and Mr. Blackstone is, of course, on her side. This makes him a shade unfair to the most remarkable "enlightened despot" of the whole era. Otherwise, one can find no fault. It is an amazing story, a good, sound, novelised biography.

In "The Secret Mountains," by John Appleby (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), the narrator and his wife, detacked by a storm in the Andorran wilds, find a hotel blazing with lights, but curiously hostile to passers-by. However, they secure an entrance. Next day, somebody tries to murder them. They report this incident to the police, who take no notice. Time and again, they are assured that *nothing* happens in Andorra. . . . There is a crowning accident at the traditional "Dance of the Bear"—and then a grand climax at the hotel, and an Andorran masterpiece of hushing-up. Excellent colour, which is very much part of the plot. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MOUNTAINS AND NATIVES IN THE HIMALAYAS: "ELINOR GLYN."

I YIELD to none in my admiration of the gallant pair—or, as I am sure Sir Edmund Hillary would wish me to say, the gallant team—who conquered Everest in 1953. It is one of the great stories of human endurance. Mallory, "going strong for the top," was one of the heroes of my schooldays, and his self-sacrifice ranked second only to that of Captain Scott in the Antarctic. There are few, I believe, who do not feel the tremendous awe-inspiring influence of the high mountains. They have this in common with the sea, that they purge the soul of man with pity and terror much more deeply than any of the old Greek tragedies to which Aristotle attributed so profound and elemental an influence. It is no bad thing for man to know how puny he is—especially in these days, when life in great cities tends to corrode his mind by flattering his self-esteem—and the high places of the earth induce this

tempering and salutary humility. That is why they have had, throughout the ages, their great poets and prose-writers. But I am not so certain that the men who win the victory of physical endurance are always the right people to sing the songs of their triumph. It was Homer, after all—not Achilles or Hector or Odysseus—who gave us the epic of Troy. That is why I was conscious of disappointment and anti-climax in reading Sir Edmund Hillary's account of the magnificent achievement which he shared with Tenzing, Sir John Hunt, and the other members of that unforgettable expedition. It was, indeed, as he describes it, "High Adventure" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.), and it will remain one of the greatest stories of our age. But when I shut the book, thinking back over what I had read and seeking for some passage which I might quote so as to set the epic in perspective, I could not find it. Everest has known its mighty warriors, but it has still to find its Homer.

I would advance the same criticism of "Kanchenjunga" (Elek; 21s.), by John Tucker. This is the story of the expedition of 1954, which did not succeed in reaching the summit, but which prepared the way for the conquest of that famous peak in 1955. Of the two books, regarded purely as literature, Mr. Tucker's is the better. He has the better sense of style, and the ability to convey to his readers what he has seen and felt. Again, as in Sir Edmund Hillary's account, we have simplicity and under-statement, but the picture is much more clearly drawn. "The descent was slow," writes Mr. Tucker, "and needed very great care in bad snow conditions, but we accomplished it without mishap and lay about on the rocks wallowing in the warmth of the afternoon. The sun had been so hot that, where two days before we had only been able to get a few drops of water, we were now able to make lemonade from a pleasant sparkling little stream which bubbled down the rocks beside us. It was delightful sitting in shirt-sleeves with nothing to do but walk down to camp; there was no more puffing up glaring snow, no more danger from avalanches, no need now to probe laboriously for hidden crevasses or flog away with an ice-axe at tough ice; all we had to do was to make our leisurely way down the Yalung glacier to the delightful green meadows at Tseram. But for all these pleasant thoughts there was no escaping the fact that the adventure was ending and I felt a little sad." This does not, perhaps, meet the challenge of the occasion, but it has a certain merit.

To complete a trilogy, I have chosen Professor Haimendorf's "Himalayan Barbary" (John Murray; 21s.), although, of course, this book has nothing to say about the conquest of almost inaccessible peaks. It is an anthropological work, recounting the author's researches among practically unknown tribes such as the Daffas and Tibet. To the jaded eye of the uninitiated reader there seems to be little new about these tribes. They exhibit the same kind of traits—spirit-worship, fertility dances, cheerful amorality, inconspicuous clothing, and polygamy, with a little head-hunting for good measure—that we have met (or seem to remember that we have met) in a dozen other books of this kind. No doubt I am wrong, and there is, in fact, much that is distinctive in the social behaviour of these little-known peoples. Certainly, one's possible failure to appreciate the anthropological subtleties need not in any way impair one's enjoyment of Professor Haimendorf's interesting and readable work. But if I may disturb the calm waters with one further inconsiderate stone, I cannot forbear remarking that savages seem to me to be unpleasantly ugly. In such works as have come my way for review in this column—and they have been many—this stands out as an almost universal characteristic. I am more and more convinced that the "noble savage" was a figment of the not altogether impartial brains of the mid-nineteenth-century scientists. So far as I am concerned, they may keep him (and her).

It is a long step from savages, noble or ignoble, to Miss Elinor Glyn. Her grandson, Mr. Anthony Glyn, has written a really remarkable biography of his unusual grandmother—"Elinor Glyn" (Hutchinson; 18s.). It is not so much the Persian cats and the tiger skins, the velvets, feathers and jewels, the exotic portraits in languorous poses, that fascinate one about this bizarre

character, as her tremendous influence upon a galaxy of very unlikely people. The late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, as he proceeded upon his regal and elephantine way to the highest honours a grateful Empire can bestow, paused to indulge in a quite untypical romantic friendship with the highly-coloured authoress. If Mr. Glyn will forgive a comparison which does not really do justice to his grandmother's undoubted talents, it is as though Livy were published in serial form by *Peg's Paper*. Rudolph Valentino—well, yes, there is nothing surprising in that; and we may say the same for Mr. Charles Chaplin. But Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and perhaps strangest of all, Professor Bradley—what are we to say of the genius of a romantic writer who could capture such prizes? Not that they were always submissive. All three, we read, "urged her continually to take more pains and trouble over her books." This must have been tiresome, and Miss Glyn must often have reflected that *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. But Mr. Glyn, with sympathetic art, makes his subject comprehensible and lovable. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WITH my last Notes I wandered into the realm of psycho-analysis. The week since I wrote them has brought, as a sequel, a slight but uncanny experience of thought transference.

You may recall that I told how, drawing on my very slight knowledge of psycho-analysis, I once exorcised a colleague's recurrent nightmare which, it turned out, had originated in his being frightened as a child by what he thought was a Zeppelin.

I closed by promising details, this week, of an analysis by Dr. Ernest Jones of a game of chess he played recently with me. Dr. Jones is the world-famous colleague of Freud, Adler and Jung, the appearance of whose second volume on Freud last month is the whole cause of these Notes bending this way.

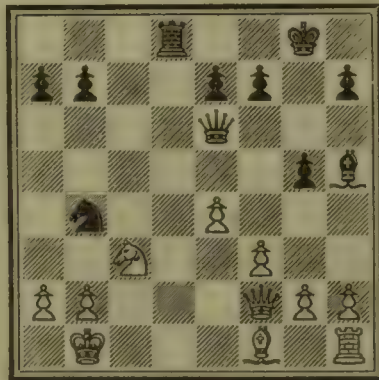
After sending up my article, I looked around for the score of the game, but was dismayed to find it had been mislaid. I wrote off to Dr. Jones to ask, could he rescue me by supplying it.

Back it came—he is as methodical as he is kind. From his covering note, the words leapt out at me: "I will tell you a funny story about new symbolism. When Zeppelins were invented . . . What made him mention Zeppelins? For a moment I thought I must have mentioned them, so smoothly came his reference. But no. I perused the copy of my letter I had kept. 'I went on to reminisce about an experience of my own in psycho-analysis' was the sum total of all I had told him about my article."

Call it coincidence if you like. I don't. To my mind, only a bigot would reject telepathy here. Consider the odds! The word Zeppelin has virtually disappeared from our vocabulary. I should be surprised if it has come to my lips once in the last ten years; I doubt whether, prior to last week, I had written it for a quarter of a century. Whilst I was writing to Dr. Jones, however, my mind was full of it—vividly so, for my first practical dream analysis was a stirring experience, and even the recounting of it I found exciting.

If you are muttering by now, "When, in the name of Bonch-Osmolovsky, will he get back to chess?" well, Dr. Jones is president of Chichester Chess Club!

His analysis of Paul Morphy and (from the sublime . . .!) me will keep for a week, however, so here is an amusing finish from a game in Budapest last month. Both players, Negyesy (White) and Honfi (Black), are of master class. Neither was short of time.



Here Honfi played 19. . . Q×RPch?? and White resigned, seeing only (like his opponent) 20. Kt×Q, R-Q8 mate. What had they both overlooked?

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I hear it has a fascinating flavour—sweet, but



with a sort of subtle tang...My word,



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More and more people are discovering CINZANO BIANCO — the unique White Vermouth recently introduced in this country by the world-renowned House of Cinzano. Smoothly sweet, but with a subtle, aromatic freshness, CINZANO BIANCO is delicious as a 'straight' drink, served well chilled. And to any mixed drink, short or long, it brings its own delightful individuality. Enjoy a new pleasure — try CINZANO BIANCO today.

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—two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with soda.

by insisting on gin
and Noilly Prat you ensure
getting 'Gin and French'

NOVEMBER

PIONEER SPELL-BINDERS

Who started Spelling Bees in England, and when? Answer: two M.P.s in 1875, in Islington. We are usually so busy worrying about how long Spelling Bees are going on (on someone else's radio which we cannot shut off, or round firesides at which we sit trapped) that we had not fussed about when the trouble started. Let us not blink the facts any longer. Two M.P.s, Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart. and Mr. Samuel Waddy, Q.C., allowed England's first Spelling Bee to happen under their auspices on November 20th, 1875. Thirty-two gentlemen and eighteen ladies competed for money prizes amounting to £8. A Mr. Jameson won. The words that knocked out most competitors were rhododendron, apocryphal, and philippic. Only Mr. Jameson could spell sesquipedalian. Well, to us these do not seem difficult words. But that's the catch in this spelling game. Just because we can spell sesquipedalian, and think we could have won the prize from Mr. Jameson, we begin being competitive-minded. Our doom is at hand in the podgy shape of some schoolboy who knows how to spell *battalion* and *ipeacacuanha*. His shape and his deadly accuracy of orthography show that he has misspent his childhood frowsting in front of radio and TV sets, listening to Spelling Bees. He will grow up to be a monumental mason and tombstone-chiseller. It is all the fault of those two M.P.s.



One of those M.P.s was himself a banker (his bank later became part of the Midland). We draw no conclusions from this duality of interests. We merely state that, unlike the Spelling Bee, the Midland Bank continues to gain in strength and popularity.

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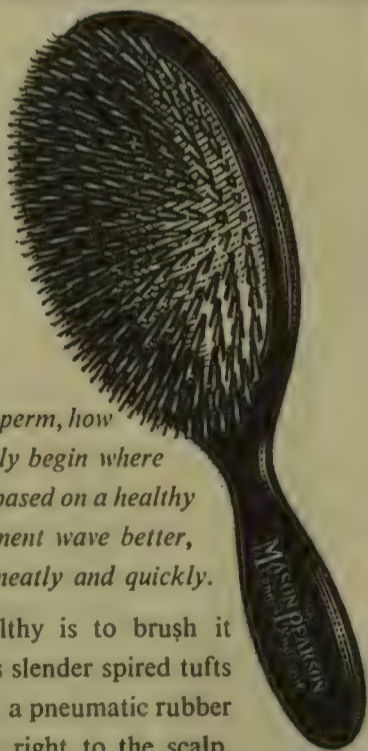
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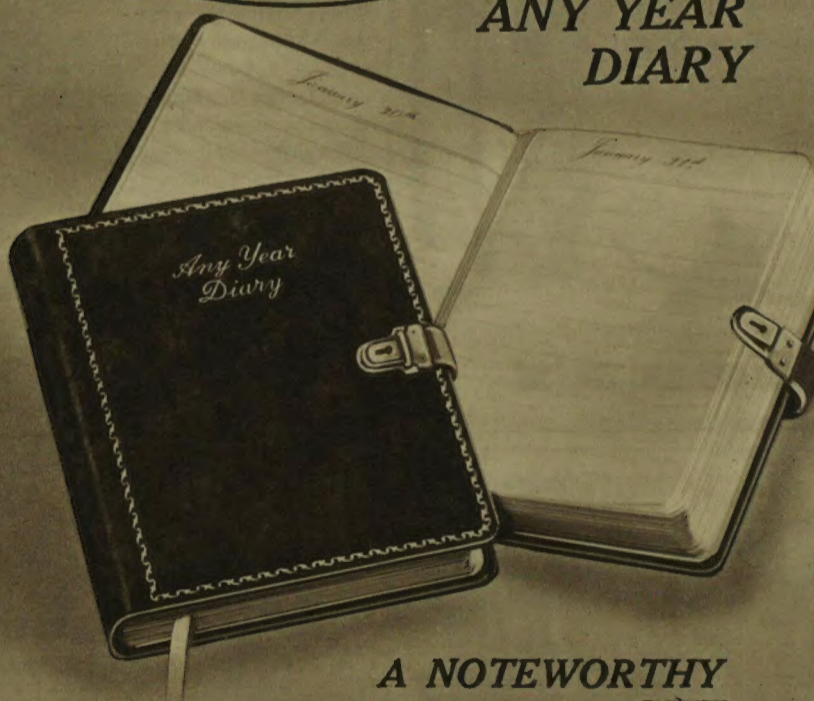


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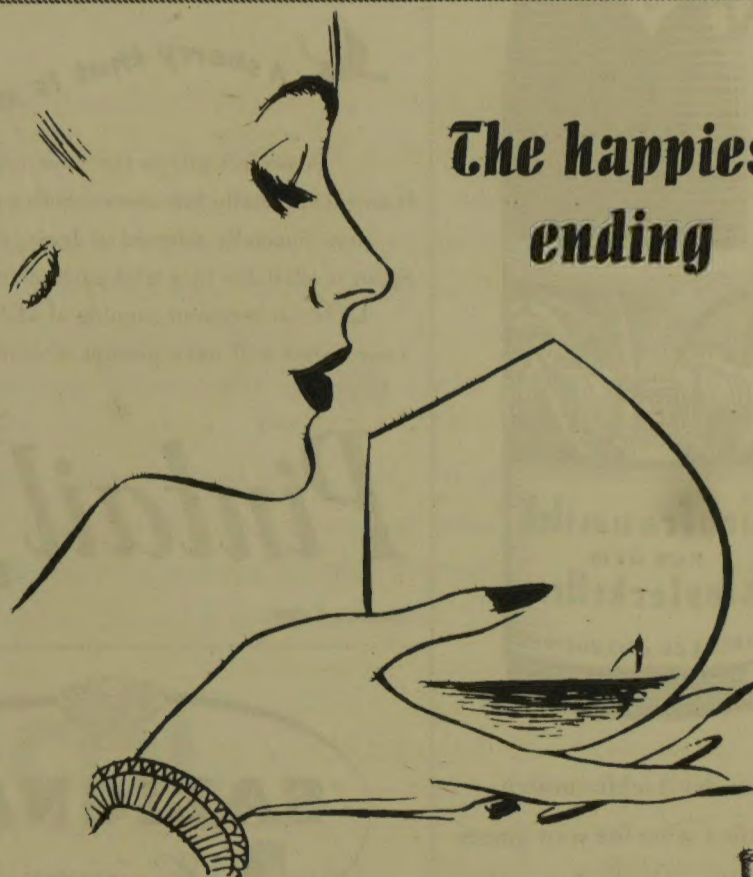
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